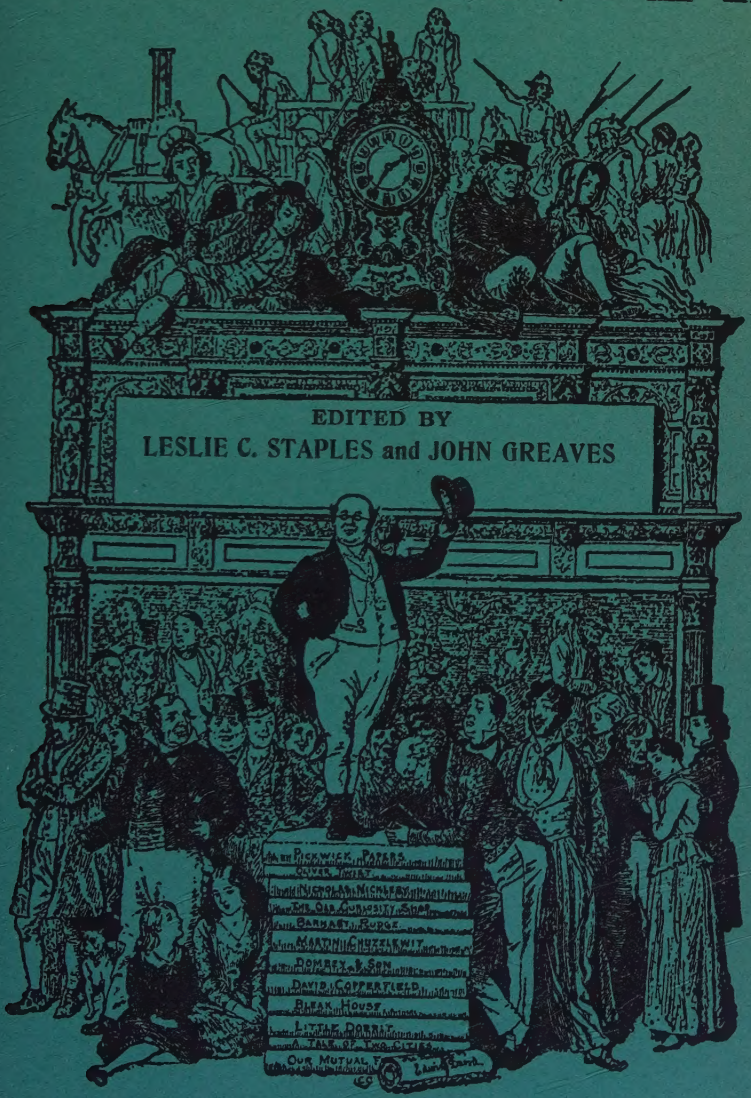
Vol. LVII,
Part I

WINTER NUMBER
Published January, 1961

No. 333

THE DICKENSIAN



Published by THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP
THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

Published January, May and September.
Price 4*s*. Annual Subscriptions 12*s*. 6*d*. post free.

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WALTER T. SPENCER

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ESTABLISHED 1884 **London, W.C.1**

Cable and Telegraphic Address: "PHIZ, WESTCENT, LONDON."

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1962

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

56th Annual Conference—June 7th to 11th, 1962

At the PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A.

PROGRAMME

First Day—Thursday

Registration of Delegates—Headquarters, Dickens Room, Parker House. 2 to 4 p.m.

Reception and Tea in Old Boston Room, Parker House. 4-30 to 5-30 p.m.

Official opening of Conference: Addresses by the Chairman of Conference and Headquarters Secretary welcoming delegates. Hawthorn Room, Parker House.

A Dickens Cinema. 8-30 to 11 p.m.

Second Day—Friday

Conference Business Meeting. Hawthorn Room. 9 to 11 a.m.

Lexington—Concord Motor Ramble. 1-30 to 5-30 p.m.

Supper at WAYSIDE INN, Sudbury, Mass. 7 p.m.

Third Day—Saturday

Free morning for shops, visiting Art Museum and Gardner Palace in the Fenway. 9-30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

CONFERENCE BANQUET in Ballroom. 7-30 p.m. Evening Dress optional.

Fourth Day—Sunday

Sunday Service at King's Chapel—Dickens Sermon. 11 a.m.

Luncheon at YE OLD OYSTER HOUSE. 1 p.m. Followed by ramble round old Boston.

Dickens Panel Discussion at North-eastern University Auditorium. Noted authorities participating. 8 to 10-30 p.m.

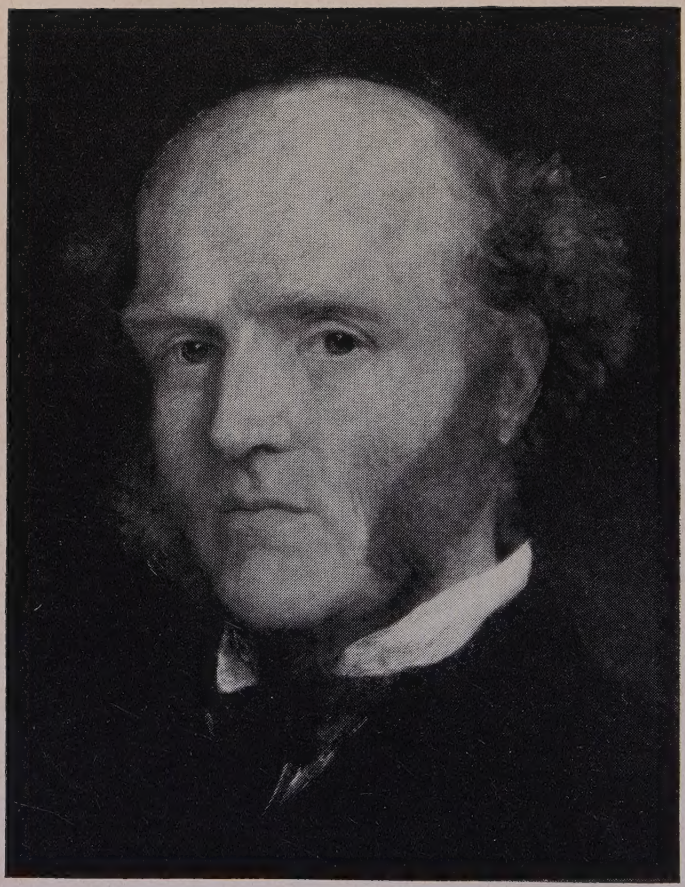
Fifth Day—Monday

Motor Ramble around Cambridge—Harvard University, Fogg Museum, Herbarium, Widener Library, etc.

Tea at LONGFELLOW HOUSE at 4-30 p.m. Mr. Thos. de Valcourt, Curator (Host).

Farewell Supper in Hawthorn Room at 7-30 p.m.

The above is a preliminary draft of the Conference Programme and is subject to alteration.



Thomas Hughes
author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*
from the portrait by George F. Watts

by courtesy of the Watts Gallery, Compton

(see page 36)

THE DICKENSIAN

WINTER NUMBER

VOL. LVII. JANUARY, 1961 No. 333

WHEN FOUND—

Another Dickens Link Broken Dickens founded the *Daily News* on January 21st, 1846, and resigned his editorship less than three weeks later, on February 9th. It has always been a pleasing thought that a link between the world of Dickens and the Press has continued through the *News Chronicle*, as the newspaper became on its amalgamation with the *Daily Chronicle*. It is sad, therefore, to have to record the disappearance of this link on the sudden cessation of the publication of the *News Chronicle* on October 17th. No longer can it be said that we have a Dickens newspaper.

* * * * *

Two Television Serials There has been perhaps an echo of the astonishing feat of Dickens, in his early literary career, in running two serials at once, in the fact that two Dickens serials were running together in the autumn, one on B.B.C. and the other on Commercial Television Programmes. Commercial Television chose *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* as its contribution to Dickens, adapted by John Keir Cross, who has been responsible for previous Dickens adaptations. Presented in eight parts, six were devoted to the unfinished novel written by Dickens, and the last two to a solution, suggested from an idea by John Dickson Carr, a well-known modern detective-story teller. Helena Landless becomes the new "villain of the piece" as Edwin's killer, but who can tell what Dickens intended? It seems almost better to be content with the wonderful fragment we have. The B.B.C. presented *Barnaby Rudge*, in thirteen episodes, dramatised by Michael Voysey and produced by Douglas Allen, and were very successful in creating the Dickensian atmosphere of this story.

* * * * *

New York Exhibition For an exhibition on Literary Britain, in the window of the New York premises of The British Travel Association, two personal relics of Dickens were lent by The Dickens House—a small portable writing desk and a walking stick. It is hoped that the exhibition will attract more American visitors to the house in the next tourist season.

* * * * *

"Oliver" Record Following the very successful production of Lionel Bart's musical, "Oliver," at the New Theatre, London, an excellent recording has been made by Decca. This long-playing recording, made by the original cast, recaptures the drive and attack of the stage production and is well worth adding to one's record, and indeed Dickens, collection.

A Branch in India It was with great pleasure that Council, at its meeting last October, agreed to issue a Charter to the Dickens Society of Jabalpur, which now becomes the Fellowship's first Indian branch. This Society, formed within the Department of English Studies of the Jabalpur University, by Mr. G. K. Gupta, has been in existence since 1959. An address given by the founder, at the inaugural meeting of the Society, on "Dickens's Artistic Development—his use of Symbolical Devices and his Evocation of Atmosphere," will be published in a later issue of *The Dickensian*.

* * * * *

Norwegian Tour Following his Dickens Lecture Tours in America, Holland and Denmark our Hon. Secretary has carried out yet another successful tour in Norway, under the auspices of the British Council. Lecture recitals were given to Universities, Schools and Anglo-Norse Societies in Oslo, Trondheim and Bergen. Schools visited ranged from several modern ones, less than a year old, to Cathedral Schools with histories reaching back 800 to 900 years. It is hoped that as a result of this tour a new Scandinavian branch may be formed in Oslo.

* * * * *

Pineapple Rum In response to an enquiry from an American correspondent in the *Sunday Times* about Pineapple Rum, the favourite refreshment of the Rev. Stiggins, the Chairman of the United Rum Merchants gave the following information: "The term Pineapple Rum was formerly applied to very pungent (High Ester) makes of Jamaica rum. These are still made and are used in very small quantities in certain blends. I think that Pineapple Rum is best left in the blenders' hands, for its free use in the more rarefied atmosphere found in bars today would prompt the public-at-bar to seek sweet air outside. A mixture of rum and pineapple juice is a very different thing: and very delicious."

* * * * *

A Letter from Mary Hogarth A great literary treasure, a letter written by Mary Hogarth, Dickens's young sister-in-law, which recently came to light has been presented to The Dickens House Museum by the owner, Miss Margery Hogarth Clay, member of the Fellowship. Miss Clay is great-great niece of the Mary Hogarth, who was cousin to Mary Hogarth, who lived and died at 48 Doughty Street. In the letter Mary describes her visit to the Dickens family at Furnival's Inn, before she came to live with them. The Trustees of the Dickens House are deeply indebted to Miss Clay for her generosity in presenting this unique connection with Dickens to the Museum, where it will shortly be on view.

J.G.

MORE ABOUT THE DICKENS ANCESTRY

By William J. Carlton

As long ago as October 8th, 1887, a letter from Thomas (afterwards Sir Thomas) Wemyss Reid was printed in the *Daily News* giving some information about the paternal grandmother of Charles Dickens which had not previously been made public, save for an inaccurate version in an Indian newspaper. "Old Mrs. Dickens," he wrote, "was the housekeeper at Crewe in the time of the first Lord Crewe, the grandfather of the present holder of the title, and of his sister the first Lady Houghton. I well remember Lady Houghton speaking to me with enthusiasm of Mrs. Dickens's wonderful powers as a story-teller. It was her delight as a child to listen to the tales which the old lady was able to relate with so much dramatic force and feeling; and it was with the greatest interest that, later in life, Lady Houghton recognised in the illustrious author of *David Copperfield* the grandson of the favourite of her childhood. Old Mrs. Dickens had one grievance which Lady Houghton still recalled as she told me about her. It was the conduct of her son John—Charles's father—against whose idleness and general incapacity she was never tired of inveighing."

In his notes on the Dickens ancestry, based on the researches of A. T. Butler and A. Campling, the Editor of *The Dickensian*[1] added materially to our knowledge of Elizabeth Dickens (*née* Ball), the old lady in question. When she died on April 26th, 1824, her age was given in the parish register as 79, so that she must have been about 36 years old at the time of her marriage to William Dickens on November 22nd, 1781, at St. George's, Hanover Square, London. The household accounts at Crewe Hall, Cheshire, show that in June 1798 she was a servant in the town house of John Crewe (afterwards 1st Baron Crewe), 18 Lower Grosvenor Street, and it is clear from the reminiscences of Lady Houghton that she was housekeeper at Crewe Hall, or at Madeley, Staffordshire, some time after 1814. She retired before 1821, when she was 76.

Messrs. Butler and Campling thought it probable that before her marriage Elizabeth Ball had been in the service of John Crewe either at his town house, at Crewe Hall, or at Madeley Manor. In this connection it is worth while to look again at an article on "Tong and *The Old Curiosity Shop*" printed in *The Dickensian*, July 1908, over the initials J.E.A. The writer of this article was the Rev. John Ernest Auden, M.A., F.R.Hist.S., Vicar of Tong from 1896 to 1913, author of many books and papers on Shropshire history and an acknowledged authority on the subject. "With reference to the suggestion that the Dickens family derived their origin from the ancient Dickenses of Bobbington,[2] a parish partly in Shropshire and partly in Staffordshire," wrote the vicar, "the

1 Vol. XLV, pp. 69-72 (March 1949).

2 The Dickens were lords of the manor from 1429 to 1606 and Noake, the nineteenth-century historian of Worcestershire, records: "It is said that Charles Dickens is descended from them." The baptisms of four children of John and Mary Dickins in 1702, 1703, 1705 and 1706 are found in the Bobbington register, the eldest being John Dickins, baptised August 10th, 1702, but no later members of this family have been traced. A pedigree of the family of Dickens (or Dickins) of Bobbington is printed in the Rev. Stebbing Shaw's *History and Antiquities of Staffordshire*, 1801, Vol. II, Pt. I, p. 278.

following notes, told many years ago by an old inhabitant of Tong, and then written down by a friend who has recently handed them over to me, may prove interesting:

> Charles Dickens's grandmother was housekeeper at Tong Castle during an unfortunate law-suit between Mr. George Durant, the owner, and his wife. In consequence of these proceedings, Mr. Durant took up his residence in Paris, and left a housekeeper in charge of his castle in Tong. This housekeeper was the grandmother of the celebrated novelist. She came from near Claverley, Shropshire (a village some five miles from Bobbington), and on leaving Tong went to Crewe Hall (or Combermere Abbey possibly) to hold a like position . . ."

The narrator went on to refer to the local tradition that " Little Nell " in *The Old Curiosity Shop* was Eleanor Lee, who died in the Tong almshouses on January 9th, 1817, aged 39, and is buried in Tong churchyard. He added that Dickens heard all about her from his grandmother and that he stayed with " old Letts," the innkeeper of the Harp Inn, Albrighton, on his visit to Tong, " possibly induced to come to the neighbourhood by the fact of his grandmother having once lived at Tong, and from having heard from her lips the story of Eleanor Lee." The schoolmaster was identified with Andrew Cousins, who was also parish clerk and who died on October 22nd, 1829, aged 70. His gravestone is also in Tong churchyard.

It will be seen that the old inhabitant's story is not inconsistent with the statement that Elizabeth Ball was at one time housekeeper at Crewe Hall, and recent visits to Tong and its vicinity go far to confirm its accuracy at all points where it can be checked. The parish register of Tong records the burials of Eleanor Lee, aged 39, of Norton, on January 12th, 1817, and of Andrew Cousins, " clerk of this parish," aged 71, of the Free School House, Tong Hill, on October 25th, 1829. The Harp Inn was the posting-house at Albrighton, and the innkeeper James Letts, who owned a great number of post-horses in the old coaching days, was still there in 1850.[1] The county ball was held at the Harp, and there " Charles Dickens stayed on his journey to Tong." So wrote the Rev. J. E. Auden three years before his communication to *The Dickensian* appeared.[2] He added that a draper's shop then occupied the site of the old inn.

It has been suggested that as Dickens's parents did not finally leave Chatham for London until early in 1823, the boy could have seen little of his grandmother before her death in April 1824. But Forster tells us that he received from her a fat old silver watch " before the blacking days "[3] and Miss Gladys Storey added that the watch had belonged to her late husband.[4]

And what of George Durant, who is said to have left Dickens's grandmother in charge of Tong Castle during his absence in Paris ? General George Durant, sometime Paymaster of the Forces and M.P. for Evesham, Worcestershire, was present at the capture of Havana by Lord Albemarle in 1762, retiring to his estate at

[1] Samuel Bagshaw, *History, Gazetteer, and Directory of Shropshire*, Sheffield, 1851, p. 456.
[2] Rev. J. E. Auden, *A Short History of the Albrighton Hunt*, 1905, pp. 60-61.
[3] *Life of Charles Dickens*, ed. Ley, 1928, p. 31.
[4] *Dickens and Daughter*, 1939, p. 34.

Clent Hall after having amassed a large fortune. In 1764 he purchased Tong from the last Duke of Kingston, demolished much of the castle and built the sham-gothic house, now a roofless ruin. There, we are told, he brought another lady to live with his wife, which she not unnaturally resented and left him. A long divorce suit followed, which they both attended every day in coaches-and-six. Owing to some legal quibble he gained his suit, though the facts against him were well known; and he was so delighted at the triumph over his spouse that he erected a monument to commemorate his victory on the hill above Tong. The sons all naturally took part with their mother, and when their father was on his death-bed surreptitiously set barrels of gunpowder under the monument and had a match and train ready. They bribed a groom to ride post-haste with the news as soon as the breath was out of their father's body; and the fact of his death first became known to the county by the monument being blown to bits.[1] As General Durant died on August 4th, 1780, at the age of 46,[2] if Elizabeth Ball was his housekeeper at Tong she must have been there, before her marriage, at some date between 1764 and 1780.

The statement that Elizabeth Ball came from Claverley is supported by the evidence available. There is reason to believe that she belonged to a branch of the Ball family who were living at Claverley, an extensive and picturesque village some ten miles south of Tong, at least as early as the seventeenth century. In 1659 Richard Dovey left among other bequests eight shillings a year for " a person for awaking sleepers in the church," and we are told that the last to perform this office was Bobby Ball, known as " Robin Redbreast " on account of the red waistcoat he wore when on duty. He carried a stout pole with a fox's brush fixed to one end. This was used to tickle the nose of any lady he noticed sleeping, while the opposite end was employed to arouse slumbering males.[3]

The parish register of Claverley records that Elizabeth, wife of Richard Ball, presented him with six sons and two daughters between 1695 and 1709. After her husband's death in 1741 she lived on for nearly ten years, her burial being entered on January 5th, 1750. Their eldest daughter, one of twins baptised on July 17th, 1699, was named Elizabeth after her mother. Their seventh child and third son, James Ball, baptised at Claverley in January 1706, married and had a family of six children, all girls, of whom the eldest, Rebecca, was baptised at Claverley on December 12th, 1743, and the youngest, Keturah (Kate), on January 27th, 1758. James Ball died in April 1786 and his widow, Amy, less than a year after him.

The second daughter of James and Amy Ball was baptised Elizabeth at Claverley on January 10th, 1746, and such evidence as can be recovered points to her having been the same Elizabeth Ball who, on November 22nd, 1781, was led to the altar at St. George's, Hanover Square, by William Dickens, the grandfather of Charles Dickens. The bride and bridegroom were described in

[1] Augustus J. C. Hare, *Shropshire*, 1898, pp. 268-9. Cf. George Griffiths, *A History of Tong*, 2nd ed., 1894, p. 161.
[2] *Gent. Mag.*, August 1780, p. 394; *Annual Register*, 1844, p. 287.
[3] Gordon Home, *The Church of All Saints, Claverley*, 1947, p. 9.

the register of St. George's as "both of this parish," and the witnesses to the ceremony signed their names as Joseph Bott and Susana Ball. The conjecture put forward in *The Dickensian* that the witnesses were probably the parents of the bride is based on a misreading of the name Bott. Joseph Bott and his wife Mary were also residing in the parish of St. George, the baptism of their twin daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, born March 7th, 1784, being registered a month later. It is possible that Joseph Bott hailed from Claverley or its neighbourhood, where there were many Botts about that time. The other witness may perhaps be identified with Susanna, the bride's younger sister and the fifth child of James and Amy Ball, baptised at Claverley on January 27th, 1755.

Some further evidence tending to confirm the identity of Dickens's grandmother with the daughter of James and Amy Ball of Claverley is found in an editorial note in *The Dickensian* of October 1921, which reported the sale on July 22nd of that year, at Puttick & Simpson's auction rooms, of three leaves of the original holograph MS. of *Oliver Twist*, "given by the author to Mrs. Rebecca Ball Wilson, his first cousin." The basis of this note was the sale catalogue which, after a detailed description of the MS. (Lot 330), added: "Dickens gave these three leaves to Mrs. Rebecca Ball Wilson. She was his first cousin, her mother's sister being his mother. They are now sold by order of the present representative of the family, who possesses no other Dickens MSS. except personal letters to his cousin Rebecca." Half-a-dozen letters from Dickens, all addressed to Mrs. Ball Wilson at 4 Mathon Place, Richmond Road, Barnsbury Park, N., have survived. The first of them, dated Christmas Day, 1845, advises her that he is powerless to help her friend with the publication of a manuscript. It begins "My Dear Rebecca," and ends "Kate and the children are all well, and send their loves, with divers Merry Christmases and Happy New Years." Other short notes, sending autographs for which she had asked or tickets for seats at his readings, bear dates between December 24th, 1857 and June 10th, 1863. On December 26th, 1865, Dickens wrote: "My Dear Rebecca, you make a very natural mistake in supposing me to be able to answer letters at all times, but I am so much occupied that my correspondence is often weeks in arrears. Affecy. yours, C.D." Mrs. Wilson is found in local directories at 4 Mathon Place from 1855 to 1866, and in the *Post Office London Court Guide*, 1867, after which date her name disappears. The occupier of 2 Mathon Place in 1853 and 1854 was a Mrs. Ball, who may have been a relative.[1]

Unfortunately, Messrs. Puttick & Simpson have no record of Mrs. Ball Wilson or of the circumstances in which the *Oliver Twist* MS. came to be sold other than the statement in the catalogue, which included "the selected portion of a library removed from Staffordshire." The MS. was purchased for £220 by Walter Spencer, the Oxford Street bookseller, who in his reminiscences published two years later repeated the statement that Mrs. Wilson was "a first cousin, her mother's sister being his mother."[2] This

[1] *Islington Directory for 1853*, pp. 72, 176.
[2] *Forty Years in my Bookshop*, 1923, p. 93.

claim cannot be substantiated, however. Dickens's mother was Elizabeth Barrow before her marriage to John Dickens on June 13th, 1809. Two of her four sisters, Sarah and Maria Caroline Barrow, died unmarried, Jane Emily married a Mr. Long, of Liverpool, and the eldest, Mary Barrow, was the wife of Thomas Allen and Matthew Lamert successively. Mary lived less than a year after her second marriage on December 11th, 1821, and had no children of her own. Her step-daughter Rebecca, Matthew Lamert's youngest child by his first wife, married Thomas Steers in 1832 and died before January 19th, 1846, when he married again.

A more likely hypothesis would seem to be that Mrs. Rebecca Ball Wilson was a daughter of Rebecca Ball, the eldest child of James and Amy Ball of Claverley, who had perhaps married a Mr. Wilson as yet unidentified, and that her parents gave her her mother's family name as well as her first name—a not uncommon practice to this day. If this assumption could be verified, it would furnish the missing link in Charles Dickens's relationship to this old Shrophire family and carry back his family tree several generations earlier than has been possible hitherto.

Mr. J. H. Clarke, a keen student of the history of Tong where his family had lived for many generations, derided on insufficient grounds, the tradition that Dickens found his model for Little Nell at Tong. He rightly asserted that the novelist " was not writing a guide-book but an imaginary journey, for which the framework was his own coach-ride of November 1838, from London to Shrewsbury and Chester." As Mr. Clarke emphasised, it was only a framework which he filled in to suit the plan of his tale. " He made use of scenes which stood out in his memory, and his retentive mind did not fail him in the salient features of the towns through which his coach had passed, but also filled in subordinate details which he considered improvements to his mental pictures. And the village which he describes as the last resting place of his child-heroine might be that of any of hundreds of villages in England, though Tong has been chosen for some unintelligible reason. There is not a scrap of evidence that he ever saw the place till long after the successful issue of his book in 1840."[1]

To admit that *The Old Curiosity Shop* is fictitious and that Little Nell and her grandfather did not follow an exact itinerary does not invalidate the tradition that Dickens had heard the story of Eleanor Lee from his grandmother. Moreover, there is some evidence, however slight, that he may have visited Tong in the winter of 1838. Writing to his wife on November 1st from the Lion Inn, Shrewsbury, where he and H. K. Browne had put up on their arrival that afternoon from Wolverhampton, he gave her a brief account of their progress from Leamington and Stratford on the two previous days. " We remained at Stratford all night," he told her, " and found to our unspeakable dismay that father's plan of proceeding by Bridgnorth was impracticable as there were no coaches. So we were compelled to come here by way of Birmingham and Wolverhampton." [2]

[1] *Transactions of the Shropshire Archæological Society*, XLIX, 5-6 (1937-38).
[2] *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens*, ed. W. Dexter, 1935, p. 76.

What was the cause of Dickens's unspeakable dismay at being prevented from travelling *via* Bridgnorth? The reference to "father's plan" implies that John Dickens was not unfamiliar with the district. The road through Bridgnorth passed within a few miles of Claverley, while that from Wolverhampton to Shrewsbury lay through Shifnal and Wellington. Shifnal is only three miles from Tong. "There is good reason for supposing that Dickens, during this tour, availed himself of the opportunity of visiting the peaceful and picturesque village of Tong," wrote F. G. Kitton, "and that he probably posted there from Shrewsbury, for he assured the late Archdeacon Lloyd that Tong Church is the veritable church described in *The Old Curiosity Shop* as the scene of Little Nell's death."[1] Kitton's statement was presumably based on one made ten years earlier by Percy H. Fitzgerald, who had been in communication with the Vicar of Tong about Dickens's connection with his parish: "That he (Dickens) had visited it and been infinitely attracted by it is certain, for he told Archdeacon Lloyd that he had been staying at Shrewsbury and had come to see the place. So the Vicar of Tong informs me."[2] Although not always a reliable authority, Fitzgerald is unlikely to have been mistaken in asserting that his information came from the vicar. The Vicar of Tong in 1895 was the Rev. J. E. Auden, and Archdeacon Lloyd was the Ven. Thomas Bucknall Lloyd, Vicar of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, from 1854 to 1888, Archdeacon of Shropshire from 1886 until his death in 1896. The novelist may have met the Archdeacon when he gave a reading at Shrewsbury on August 12th, 1858, the only other occasion when he is known to have visited the Salopian capital.

[1] F. G. Kitton, *The Dickens Country*, 1905, p. 169.
[2] P. Fitzgerald, *Bozland: Dickens Places and People*, 1895, p. 66.

BORRIOBOOLA-GHA

Borrioboola-Gha, by Howard J. Pedraza (Oxford University Press, 18*s*.) is the history of Lokaja, which was the gem from which grew British Nigeria. Enthusiasm for the enterprise in people whose energies could with profit, in the opinion of Dickens, have been expended upon matters closer at home, prompted him to satirise the adventure in the account of the Jellybys in *Bleak House*. Mr. Pedraza states that Dickens scornfully reviewed the official account published in 1848, but no reference to such an attack is given. *Bleak House*, of course, did not appear till several years later. If the Dickensian interest of the book is slight, it is certainly interesting as an account of nineteenth-century British colonial expansion.

L.C.S.

RECENT DICKENSIANA

"The Image of Steerforth and the Structure of *David Copperfield*," by William H. Marshall. *Tennessee Studies in Literature*, Vol. V, 1960.

"Mrs. Hawthorn on Dickens," by Edward Wagenknecht. *Boston Public Library Quarterly*, April, 1960.

"Charles Dickens in Philadelphia," by Joseph A. Cuza. (Reprinted from *Philadelphia History*, Vol. IV, No. 6.) City History Society of Philadelphia 1960.

"A Letter from Mary Hogarth," by Kathleen Tillotson. *The Times Literary Supplement*, December 23rd, 1960.

DICKENS AND THE PRISON GOVERNOR GEORGE LAVAL CHESTERTON

By P. A. W. Collins

"YOU know of course that we adopted our improvements in prison-discipline from the American pattern," Dickens wrote to Forster, from Philadelphia in 1842. America was, indeed, the international leader in penology at this period, and Dickens was keen to see its world-famous experimental prisons which had recently been so much discussed and imitated in Britain. For this was one of the great eras of prison reform; the first really effective Prisons Act had been passed in 1835, and a few months after Dickens's return from America the historic Model Prison at Pentonville was opened by the Government. The chapters on prisons in *American Notes*, which modern readers find relatively uninteresting, were then highly topical and controversial—the more so, because Dickens was less enthusiastic than most European observers had been. His letter to Forster had continued: ". . . but I am confident that the writers who have the most lustily lauded the American prisons, have never seen Chesterton's domain or Tracey's. There is no more comparison between those two prisons of ours, and any I have seen here *yet*, than there is between the keepers here and those two gentlemen."[1] His subsequent visits to further American prisons only confirmed that judgement, which he repeated in *American Notes*. Two London prisons were, he there said, " in all respects equal, and in some respects decidedly superior " to any he had seen or heard of in America. Their governors, Chesterton and Tracey, were " enlightened and superior men: and it would be as difficult to find persons better qualified for the functions they discharge with firmness, zeal, intelligence, and humanity, as it would be to exceed the perfect order and arrangement of the institutions they govern." Four years later he repeated this testimonial in the *Daily News*: it would be " hard, if not impossible " to find Prison-Governors " more intelligent and humane."[2] His private letters contain many more such tributes to their character and energy.

George Laval Chesterton was Governor of the Middlesex House of Correction (generally known as Coldbath Fields Prison), from 1829 to 1854; Lieutenant Augustus Frederick Tracey, R.N., was Governor of the Westminster Bridewell, Tothill Fields, from 1834 to 1855. These were both local prisons, under the control of the Middlesex Magistrates, and catered for minor offenders with sentences ranging from one week to three years (six weeks was the average sentence at Coldbath Fields in 1850). Originally, a Bridewell had a different *clientèle* from a House of Correction, but by Dickens's time the terms were interchangeable. Coldbath Fields stood in Clerkenwell, generally reputed to be the most vicious part of London, with the highest murder-rate and the most intense criminality: near by were Saffron Hill and Field Lane, the Fagin

1 John Forster, *Life of Charles Dickens*, ed. J. W. T. Ley, 1928, p. 234.
2 *American Notes*, Chapter III, 1842, I, 121 note; Cheap Edition, 1850, p. 35; omitted in most modern reprints. *Daily News*, February 4th, 1846, "Crime and Education" (*Miscellaneous Papers*, Biographical Edition, 1908, p. 18).

area in *Oliver Twist*. Tothill Fields was in "The Devil's Acre" —"the moral plague-spot of the whole kingdom," as one of Dickens's colleagues called it—half a mile from the Houses of Parliament; it is Jenny Wren's area in *Our Mutual Friend*.[1] Forster, recording his "eager and pleased enquiry" about 1841 into the recent prison improvements, noted his frequent public praise for Chesterton and Tracey, "whom the course of these enquiries turned into private friends." But not intimate friends, added J. W. T. Ley, in his useful book *The Dickens Circle*; they "never had an important place" in that Circle, he maintained.[2] I would disagree: Tracey was, I think, quite an intimate family friend (a judgement I hope to justify on some other occasion), while Chesterton, if a less frequent visitor to the Dickens household, was more closely associated with him in his charitable activities and in guiding his thought about penal reform. Chesterton was a more important man in the prison world than Tracey, and he and Coldbath Fields were known to Dickens for about twenty years. Dickens has some reputation as a prison reformer (many textbooks on penal history give him an honourable mention), and an account of this Governor whom he so much admired will show how far this is justified.

Chesterton came into prison administration by accident. Born of good family, he entered the army in 1812, and served in the closing stages of the Peninsular War. Later he fought in the 1812 War against the United States, returning to Europe just in time to miss the Battle of Waterloo. After two years in the Army of Occupation, he was suddenly discharged on half-pay and began an unsuccessful period of job-hunting, which ended when he met an old friend who was off to South America to join the forces of Bolivar, then fighting the Spaniards for the independence of Venezuela. "A notion flashed across my mind that it would be interesting to explore that country, and magnanimous to aid in the struggle for its emancipation," Chesterton writes in his autobiography, the fitting title of which is *Peace, War, and Adventure*.[3] Many discharged officers and men had enlisted in Bolivar's "British Legion," but by the time Chesterton arrived, early in 1819, morale was bad. It was a bloody war, with both sides often killing their prisoners; the leadership was generally incompetent, cruel and corrupt. This "war for Liberty" soon became a mockery to Chesterton and his comrades; his descriptions often remind one of the disillusioned British liberals a century later, who volunteered for the Spanish Civil War but found neither side morally admirable. Narrowly escaping death from fever, alligators, snakes, his own side, and the enemy, Chesterton was extremely lucky to reach England, albeit sick and penniless, late in 1820. He did not often use the title of Captain, which he had gained in this wretched war.

[1] See "The Devil's Acre" [by Alexander Mackay], *Household Words*, June 22nd, 1850; and on Clerkenwell, see W. Hepworth Dixon, *The London Prisons*, 1850, pp. 224-8.

[2] Forster, p. 193; J. W. T. Ley, *The Dickens Circle*, 1918, p. 119.

[3] G. L. Chesterton, *Peace, War and Adventure* (henceforth cited as *PWA*), 1853, II, 24. Most of my biographical particulars come from this book, and from Chesterton's *Narrative of Proceedings in Venezuela, in South America, in the Years 1819 and 1820*, published in 1820 (no copy of which is in the British Museum; the Cambridge University Library copy was kindly pointed out to me by Mr. Graham Storey, to whom I also owe several other suggestions).

His half-pay, and the proceeds from a hastily-written book about his South American adventures, kept him going while he tried several temporary posts in teaching and journalism. He then decided to enter the Ministry, and began studying at Cambridge in 1828. A year later, however, he was urged to apply for the Governorship of Coldbath Fields prison. The Middlesex Magistrates had just dismissed the Governor, Vickery, for corruption, and were looking for " a gentleman " to replace him. (Vickery, like many governors of his time, had been " a mere police officer," and the Magistrates now hoped to raise the moral and social tone of the prison.) As Chesterton recalled, " I knew nothing of prisons (I was not then aware that, considering the prevailing mismanagement of that period, happy was he who did not) " — but, after canvassing with great energy, he was appointed and took up his duties in July 1829.[1]

An appalling situation awaited him. Coldbath Fields was typical of the unreformed prisons of that period. John Howard had died in 1790, and most of his reforms had died with him. Various Acts of Parliament, passed through his influence and that of his admirers, were virtually dead letters; prisons were, on the whole, as bad as in his day. Reforms at Coldbath Fields, forced through such scandals as those that Sir Francis Burdett had uncovered in 1798-1800, were short-lived. A speaker in the House of Commons in 1828 showed that the Middlesex gaols were actually increasing in iniquity, vilely overcrowded, grossly disorderly, and in a state of incredible filth.[2] Not only was Coldbath Fields unhealthy and uncomfortable, but all its officers were involved in corruption. As Chesterton commented, Vickery and his predecessors " held that their primary obligation consisted in feathering their own nests, and at the same time enriching their subordinates."[3] Twenty-five shillings a day in perks was the expectation of one ordinary turnkey, whom Chesterton overheard boasting in a pub (for he was driven to some very devious courses, to spy out abuses, with the whole staff implacably against him in his reformist activities). The whole machinery of the prison, he wrote, " betokened the most appalling abuse; and I found every thing around me stamped with iniquity and corruption. The best acquainted with the prison were utterly ignorant of the frightful extent of its demoralisation." It was " a sink of abomination," in which the officers " continued to uphold a system of iniquity " because they made seven or eight shillings in the pound on the " vast illicit commerce " which occupied the prison.[4] A well-to-do or muscular prisoner could enjoy a very comfortable and entirely idle spell inside; a poor or weak one would suffer the utmost bestiality, cruelty and extortion. Every kind of contraband entered the prison, and was hidden in caches everywhere; Chesterton visited the Infirmary one night and found the

[1] *PWA*, II, 241-2.

[2] M. W. Patterson, *Sir Francis Burdett and his Times*, 1931, Volume I, Chapter IV; Dr. Lushington, *Hansard*, February 28th, 1828, quoted by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, *English Prisons under Local Government*, 1922, p. 106. For the history of Coldbath Fields, see Chesterton's books, and *The Criminal Prisons of London*, by Henry Mayhew and John Binny, 1862, pp. 277-352 (with many plans and illustrations).

[3] G. L. Chesterton, *Revelations of Prison Life: with an Enquiry into Prison Discipline and Secondary Punishments* (henceforth cited as *Revelations*), 1856, I, p. 23.

[4] *PWA*, II, 247-50.

mattresses stuffed with merchandise, while the beds were occupied by able-bodied prisoners who paid half-a-crown a night for this extra comfort. An even more dramatic occasion was his bursting one afternoon into an attic, where the male and female prisoners were enjoying their daily reunion, with the connivance of the turnkeys; but even the blandishments of the females—many of whom were prostitutes by profession—failed to divert him from the course of duty.

Several years' unremitting work, and the wholesale replacement of the staff, were needed before these abuses were removed. Chesterton was often in danger of reprisals by turnkeys and prisoners whose way of life he threatened; he was upheld by a few "gentlemanly" prisoners, an excellent chief-turnkey he appointed from the Army, and the reforming Magistrates—prominent among whom was Samuel Hoare, the brother-in-law of Elizabeth Fry. She herself had long been familiar with this prison, her observations in which had, indeed, preceded her more famous work in Newgate. Mrs. Fry was still visiting Coldbath Fields during Chesterton's time: he "devoutly honoured" her memory, and agreed with her that prison reform was useless without housing reforms in the criminal areas.[1] In the prison, his first task of course was to enforce common honesty, decency and efficiency, and he was justified (if immodest) in writing, after his retirement:

> It became my happy privilege to prove useful in the work of regeneration, where its need was a crying exigency, and I may be pardoned for looking back with honest pride upon exertions which public avowal has flatteringly confessed to have been fraught with benefit to society at large. My emphatic claim is to have been one of the humble instruments in the hands of Providence (and my conscience tells me that I was no sluggish or lukewarm participator) in that onward and eventful movement, by whose civilising influence, the chief prison of the metropolitan county (perhaps the most extensive in the world) was transformed from one of the worst specimens of corruption and misrule, into an establishment distinguished for industry, order, and impressive discipline.[2]

But what kind of industry and discipline did he establish, and to what ends?—for though the restoration of good order and probity was an essential first step, there remained the question: What should he do with the prisoners once they were docile and well-managed?

Two main disciplinary systems were current in the early 1830s, generally known as the Philadelphia and Auburn systems (after the famous American prisons which had adopted them). Under the Philadelphia (or Separate, or Solitary) System, prisoners occupied individual cells night and day; they were generally given pious books to read, or handicraft to execute, but sometimes left without any employment for a while, to meditate on their sins. On the rare occasions when they left their cells, they were masked or veiled. The Auburn (or Silent Associated) System allowed

[1] Susanna Corder, *Life of Elizabeth Fry*, 1853, p. 216; *PWA*, II, 325. Caroline Fox describes a visit to Coldbath Fields with Mrs. Fry in 1842, in her *Memories of Old Friends*, ed. H. N. Pym 1883, p. 204 (quoted below).

[2] *Revelations*, I, 3.

prisoners to work together (" in association "), but under very strict supervision; they were forbidden ever to speak, or otherwise communicate, with one another. Both systems were designed to combat the " contamination " of the old prisons, which had effectively completed the ruin of relatively innocent and reclaimable inmates; half the crimes in London, it was said, were planned in Newgate, where for a long time the old unchecked " association " among prisoners prevailed. The respective merits of the Separate and Silent Systems were hotly, often angrily, debated. Generally the Separatists relied more on producing a change of heart in their charges, through isolation and religious influence; the upholders of the Silent System laid more stress on deterring crime through " wholesome severity " and claimed that their prisoners were, at least, not corrupted by their spell inside. The great French observer, de Tocqueville, judged after visiting America that the Philadelphia System produced a more profound reformation when it was successful, but the Auburn one was more effective in persuading its victims to avoid offending the police again —" the Philadelphia system produces more honest men, and that of [Auburn] more obedient citizens."[1] There were rival administrative advantages and disadvantages, too: the Separate System required an expensive building programme, but could be run with a small staff, while the Silent System could be operated, more or less effectively, in most existing buildings, but a huge staff was necessary to watch day and night against any infringement of the rules.

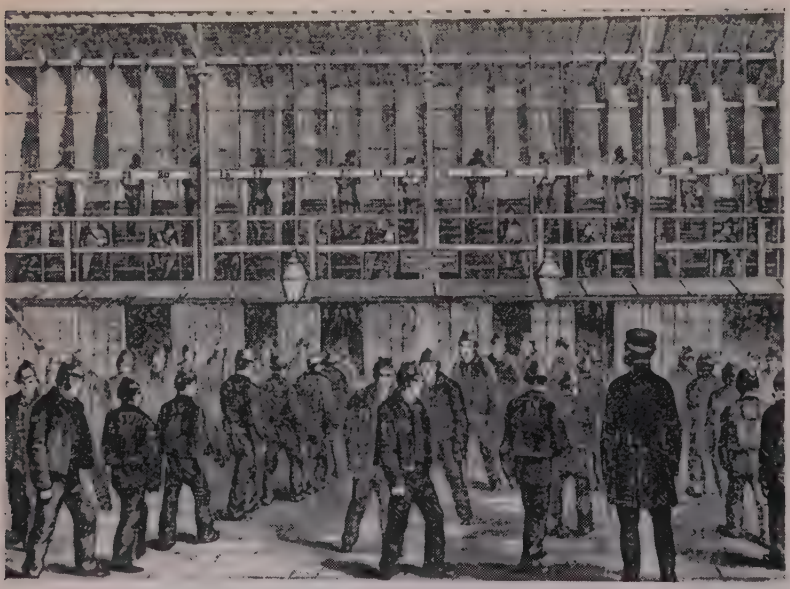
In 1834 Chesterton visited the only British prisons which embodied even a modified version of the American systems. He observed the Silent System at Wakefield, and the Separate System at Glasgow. There were very few separate cells at Coldbath Fields and partly for this reason he decided to adopt the Silent System, in which he came thoroughly to believe. So " on 29th December, 1834, a population of 914 prisoners was suddenly apprised that all intercommunication by word, gesture, or sign was prohibited; and, without a murmur, or the least symptom of overt opposition, the silent system became the established rule of the prison." During his remaining twenty years as Governor, the system was enforced " with unyielding strictness . . . Not one single known infringement of the rule was overlooked." Somewhat humorlessly, Chesterton added: " The legitimate opportunities, nay, the demands, for the use of speech are numerous. The daily responses in chapel, communications with the governor, the chaplain, the schoolmaster and various officers, all tend healthfully to employ the tongue."[2]

Chesterton's opponents—and they were many and influential—pointed out that the enforcement of his system necessitated continuous and severe punishment. Joseph Adshead, whose vehemently " separatist " book *Prisons and Prisoners* was largely concerned to attack Dickens's preferences in penology, noted that Coldbath Fields and its sister-gaol, Tothill Fields, accounted

[1] Harry Elmer Barnes, *The Evolution of Penology in Philadelphia*, Indianapolis, 1927, p. 174 For an account of the rival Systems see Sidney and Beatrice Webb, *English Prisons*, Chapters VIII and IX, or Max Grünhut, *Penal Reform: a Comparative Study*, 1948, Chapter IV.

[2] *Revelations*, I, 302; II, 1, 27.

between them for over one-third of the total number of punishments inflicted in all the prisons of England and Wales. Most formidable of all attacks were, no doubt, the second and third annual Reports of the Prison Inspectors. The Inspectors responsible for Metropolitan gaols were, admittedly, devotees of the Separate System, so their evidence against Coldbath Fields was not unbiassed (as Chesterton quickly and publicly pointed out). Coldbath Fields, as the largest English prison and the main English exemplar from the '30s to the '50s of the rival Silent System, naturally attracted their largest guns.[1] Chesterton's con-



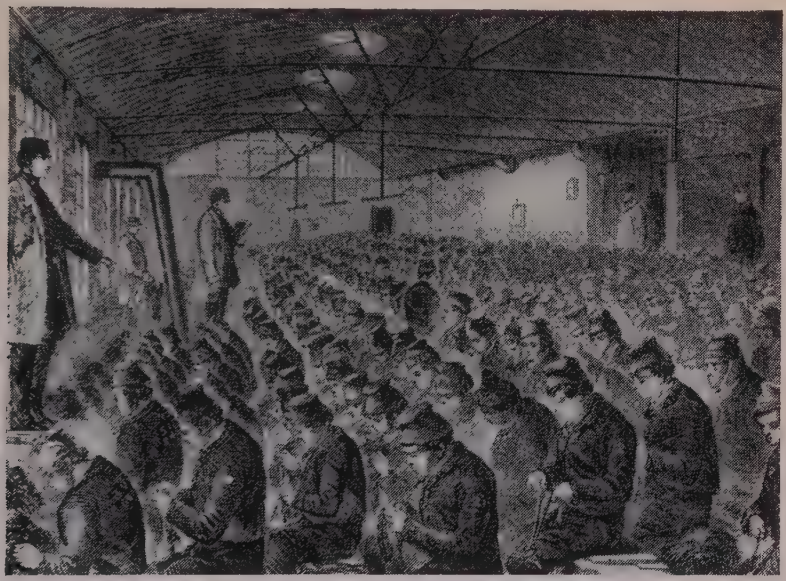
Prisoners working at the treadwheel, and others exercising, at Coldbath Fields (from Mayhew and Binny, *The Criminal Prisons of London*, 1862).

fidence remained unshaken. He accepted the need to punish his offenders lavishly (after all, he said, only just over three per cent. of his charges were punished on any one day!) – certainly he preferred this to the yet more unnatural life and the "fugitive and cloistered virtue" of the Separate System. Temptation was a part of life, which prison discipline should not exclude. Moreover, he was not abashed when about one-third of his prisoners returned to crime; he thought no system a cure-all. "In the selection of a system of prison discipline, you have only a choice of evils," he wrote. All he claimed for the Silent System was that it would "effect as much good as is derivable from any penal process."[2] Some criminals were, he thought, virtually irreclaim-

[1] Joseph Adshead, *Prisons and Prisoners*, 1845, p. 193 note (see pp. 95-121 for his attack on Dickens's penology); *Parliamentary Papers* (henceforth cited as *PP*), 1837, XXXII, 1-99; 1838, XXX, 92-9. The Webbs give a lengthy quotation from the 1837 Report (*English Prisons*, pp. 122-5). Chesterton reviewed the historic 1838 Report in the *Monthly Law Magazine*, October and November 1838; this Report attacked the Silent System, and described and justified the Separate System, which the Government thereupon adopted.

[2] *Revelations*, II, 23, 39, 1.

able—he instanced professional thieves, begging-letter writers, drunkards, and gamesters. Their careers might be checked by "wholesome severity" in prison; the better hope was to catch them young and train them to better things. He was critical of the "super-sensitive" reformers whose "mawkish theories" would tend to "strip imprisonment of much of its salutary terrors."[1] While admitting to the Prison Inspectors that the treadmill did not produce a "state of mind . . . favourable to moral reformation"—words that were often quoted against him—he defended it and used it throughout his career.[2] Though it was



The large Oakum-room, Coldbath Fields
(from Mayhew and Binny *The Criminal Prisons of London*)

"useless labour," it was healthy (if not inflicted to excess), and was suitably unpleasant—though, apparently, not as unpleasant as some other occupations, for Chesterton announced that many prisoners regarded it as "calculated to vary the monotony of their confinement," and "shed tears of disappointment" when he denied their importunate requests to be given a turn. Not surprisingly, *Punch* was very ironical about this claim.[3]

Other unproductive forms of hard labour at Coldbath Fields included shot-drill and the crank-machine. The former involved passing large cannon balls from man to man, putting them on the ground, and taking them up again; as Henry Mayhew remarked, "It is impossible to imagine anything more *ingeniously useless* than this form of hard labour." Crank-labour consisted of turning

[1] *Revelations*, I, 156-8. Cf. his evidence to the 1850 Select Committee on Prison Discipline: "You think a large proportion of the prisoners are irreclaimable?"—"Yes, that is the point I wish to impress upon the Committee." (*PP*, 1850, XVII, question 5095).
[2] *PP*, 1837, XXXII, 94. A long illustrated account of the treadmill drill at Coldbath Fields appears in Mayhew and Binny, pp. 303-8.
[3] *Punch*, February 6th, 1847 (XII, 59).

a handle, like that of a mangle, say 10,000 times a day, in one's cell. Not all the work in Coldbath Fields was of this kind, however. Apart from the notorious oakum-picking rooms, there were workshops for mat-making, cobbling and other handicrafts, and schoolrooms for the juveniles and illiterates. But Coldbath Fields was generally regarded as a severe prison; even the labour was "used as a *punishment*, rather than as a means of industrial training or of self-support among the prisoners themselves."[1] A young pickpocket interviewed by one of Henry Mayhew's assistants described his Metropolitan prison progress. In the unreformed City Bridewell at Blackfriars, in 1840, he had excellent food, cigars, and easy hours, through his friends' bribing the turnkeys; six months in Tothill Fields was less pleasant, for the Silent System was strict and he incurred many punishments; but "if I thought Tothill Fields was bad, I found Coldbath Fields worse." Caroline Fox, visiting it in 1842 with Elizabeth Fry, thought it "on the whole the best of our Houses of Correction, though a severe one, as whipping and the treadmill are still allowed. It was sad to see the poor exhausted women ever toiling upward without a chance of progress."[2] Chesterton certainly did not pamper his prisoners. Their work-tasks were tough, their punishments frequent and sharp, and their living conditions hardy (to say the least). He explained to a Parliamentary Committee in 1850 that his prisoners were locked up in their cells for twelve hours a day in all seasons; these cells were unlighted—which he agreed was objectionable—but he did not regret that they were unheated, too. There was no heating system in the prison—"nor do I think it at all necessary," he said; the opposite danger, of enervating prisoners through overheating them, was the greater.[3] It should be acknowledged, however, that his prisoners kept healthier than those in most English prisons at the time, and that he had only one suicide during his twenty-five years' service. (One of the leading objections to the rival Separate System was that it led to a disturbing number of suicides and cases of madness.)

Hepworth Dixon's useful survey, *The London Prisons*, published in 1850, contains much praise for Coldbath Fields and its "courteous and communicative governor." Henry Mayhew, writing a dozen years later, was much more critical of the prison, but admired Chesterton himself: "This gentleman we have long known in private life, and known only to esteem for the kindness of his heart and the soundness of his views, as well as for the fine integrity of his principles." Chesterton was, indeed, a widely known and respected figure; even his penological opponents, such as the Prison Inspectors, praised his energy, ability, and character.[4] Hepworth Dixon, however, was not averse to the Silent System; he thought it much superior to the Separate System. But even so, he was distressed to see that the treadmill, "a mere relic of ignorance and barbarity," still flourished at Coldbath Fields, and that so degrading and uninstructive a task as oakum-picking was

[1] Mayhew and Binny, pp. 309, 282.
[2] Henry Mayhew, *London Labour and the London Poor*, 1862, IV, 320-21; Caroline Fox *Memories*, p. 204.
[3] *PP*, 1850, XVII, questions 5077, 8529, 8537, 8547.
[4] Dixon, p. 243; Mayhew and Binny, p. 285; *PP*, 1837, XXXII, 7; Joseph Kingsmill, *Prisons and Prisoners*, 1849, pp. 43-4. Chesterton must also be the prison governor described enthusiastically in Carlyle's *Modern Prisons* (1850).

also so prominent there. Otherwise, considering the short sentences served there, and the disorderly character of its clients, and the inconvenience of the buildings Chesterton had to use, " the cleanliness, order, and industry prevailing in it are highly meritorious to its governor and officers. In many important respects, it is the best of our metropolitan jails."[1] Chesterton was, clearly, an admirable and a capable man: upright, conscientious, and determined, he had effected some very necessary reforms, despite huge difficulties. A humane and hopeful man, too. " I have discovered," he wrote, " so many traits of excellence in countless apparently abandoned subjects, that I entertain, perhaps, a superior opinion of human nature to most others . . . By far the majority [of prisoners] exhibit many redeeming virtues, which compel you to pity their fallen condition."[2] But he did not often allow sympathy for his charges to mitigate his severity towards them. Not only did he defend the treadmill and other forms of penal hard labour, against those " mawkish " supersensitives, but he likewise described the people who wanted flogging abolished as " displaying a spirit of humanity untempered by discretion." Certainly, this punishment should be kept as a last resort, and should be limited in its infliction, but " That moderate castigation is beneficial—nay, *indispensable*—I firmly believe . . . I know that ethical writers enlarge upon the neglected condition of the criminal masses, and the moral corruption they have imbibed from vicious parents, and abandoned haunts—and they thence infer that pity, and not blame, should light upon them. That is a true proposition; but, like other salutary propositions, it must have a practical limitation."[3] As these quotations, and my account of his career, will have suggested, Chesterton's outlook was limited; he was not a very imaginative, nor a deeply reflective, man. He could see how " signally inhuman " was the " refined torture " of the Separate System, in its American form, and how unrealistic it was in its milder English form; in separate confinement, he said, the only practical lesson was that of patient endurance.[4] Later penologists would agree with him here, but would regard as almost equally artificial and cruel the Silent System, about which he was so complacent, though it was to his credit that, compared with many of his contemporaries in the prison world, he made no sweeping claims for his disciplinary scheme. He was a moderate commonsensical man, with an often-justified contempt for the whole-hog system-ridden theorists (who were certainly more prominent among the Separatist zealots). As his books and statements on prison affairs, and his activities at Coldbath Fields show, he was a good administrator and a firm disciplinarian, but not a fundamental reformer—as was, for instance, Alexander Maconochie, another prison-governor of the period whom Dickens knew, and whose penological ideas still remain inspiring.

[1] Dixon, pp. 246-7. The buildings were inconvenient, in that the prison contained only 550 separate cells, though the official capacity was 1250 and the actual population sometimes over 1400. So most prisoners slept in dormitories, with officers present all night trying vainly to prevent their whispering to one another.
[2] *PWA*, II, 323.
[3] *Revelations*, II, 127-30.
[4] *Revelations*, II, 9-10, 26.

Dickens found very little to disagree with in Chesterton's policy. Like most laymen of the period, he had never shared the enthusiasm for the Separate System which was much more dominant among the professionals in this field (the Government officials, Inspectors, prison-chaplains, and writers on penal reform). The Silent System, however, " has worked well," he wrote, " and is, in its whole design and purpose, excellent."[1] Unfortunately, Chesterton's books are almost silent about his connection with Dickens, and Dickens was never very explicit (nor very conscious) about his intellectual debts, so I cannot say how far Chesterton influenced Dickens's views on prison reform, and how far Dickens independently came to similar conclusions. But I can indicate the coincidence of their views and outline the course of their friendship and association.

They had first met back in 1835, when Dickens was collecting materials for an essay on Coldbath Fields, intended for *Sketches by Boz*. " I have been today over Newgate, and the House of Correction," he wrote to his fiancée, " and have lots of anecdotes to tell you of both places when I see you tomorrow—some of them rather amusing: at least to me, for I was intensely interested in everything I saw." He visited the prison several times about December 1835, but eventually decided not to write about it. As he explained to his publisher, Macrone, it would compete unsuccessfully with the Newgate *Sketch* he had written: " You cannot throw the interest over a year's imprisonment, however severe, that you can cast around the punishment of death. The treadmill will not take the hold on men's feelings that the gallows does."[2] It is noteworthy that Dickens, like most visitors to Coldbath Fields, was first struck by its severity. The prison lay within half a mile of Furnival's Inn and of Doughty Street, where he lived in the 1830s, and he probably called there fairly often. Thus Macready, calling at Doughty Street one day in 1837 found that Dickens was at Coldbath Fields with Forster, Cattermole and Hablôt Browne; after touring the prison they went on together to inspect Newgate. Or, in 1840, after Katey Dickens's christening, Macready and Dickens walked over again and were shown round the whole prison by Captain Chesterton.[3] In 1842 and 1846 occur Dickens's published praise for Chesterton and his colleague Tracey, in *American Notes* and the *Daily News*, which has already been quoted, and it is from 1846 onwards that we have the most frequent references to Dickens's contact with Chesterton. For Chesterton was Dickens's chief helper and adviser in establishing and running Urania Cottage, the " Home for Homeless Women " financed by the heiress Miss Angela Burdett-Coutts.[4]

In his first long letter to Miss Coutts about this project, Dickens urged that they should seek the co-operation of Chesterton and

[1] *American Notes*, Chapter VII. Much the best contemporary account of public opinion and penal reform appears in W. L. Clay's *The Prison Chaplain*, 1861; see particularly pp. 255-63, 325-8, and 620 for references to Dickens's part in the great debate.

[2] Dickens to Catherine Hogarth, " Thursday afternoon " [1835], *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens*, ed. Walter Dexter, 1935, p. 34 (and cf. p. 22); Dickens to Macrone, December 9th, 1835, *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, ed. Walter Dexter, 1938, I, 56 (and cf. p. 55).

[3] *The Diaries of W. C. Macready*, ed. William Toynbee, 1912, I, 401; II, 76.

[4] See *Letters of Charles Dickens to Angela Burdett-Coutts 1841-1865*, ed. Edgar Johnson, 1953 (henceforth cited as *Coutts Letters*), *passim*; and P. A. W. Collins, " Dickens as a Social Worker," *Social Work*, October 1958, XV, 525-35.

Tracey, " both of whom I know very well," and subsequent letters contain many references to their activity over the Home. Chesterton took the larger share and Dickens often praises his energy and benevolence in this good cause. " He may be implicitly relied upon. His experience is as great as any man's alive, on such subjects, and his humanity and good sense are equal to it. I know nothing of him but what is good." " I cannot tell you how much cause I have seen, and see daily, during the preparation of [Urania Cottage] to admire the goodness and devotion of Mr. Chesterton, whose time is at our command, and whose interest in the design cannot be surpassed."[1] Sometimes Dickens disagreed with Chesterton over details of policy. For instance, Chesterton wanted drunkards to be excluded from the Home, but Dickens was more optimistic: "As to there being no hope for drunkards, we mustn't start from that point. If we can't find hope ready-made (but I believe we can) we must try to make it." He reminded Chesterton of a girl named Wilton—presumably one of his former charges—who was a drunkard and precisely the sort of girl whom the Home could help. Or again, Dickens was much more prepared to recognise and cater for these young girls' taste for gay colourful clothes; Chesterton agreed with Miss Coutts that " a passion for dress " should be discouraged, as it was " the mainspring whence comes the larger proportion of our female prisoners."[2] But much more often Dickens and Chesterton worked in harness, and several features of the Urania Cottage régime were similar to, and probably copied from, Coldbath Fields practices. Thus, the girls' past histories were officially kept a secret, even from the Matron and staff; this was the practice also at Coldbath Fields, where Chesterton went even further in his attempt to cut his prisoners free from their past, for no names were ever used, only prison numbers, and " Every kind of personality, that can be sunk, is sunk."[3]

Chesterton's prison was the main source of recruits during the first years of Urania Cottage, until in 1850 all the female and juvenile prisoners were transferred to Tothill Fields and Coldbath Fields was devoted to adult male offenders. For Coldbath Fields had been the regular place of punishment for London prostitutes, for whom the Home was originally intended. The Chaplains reported, in 1849 and 1850, that nine and eight girls respectively had entered Urania Cottage during the past year; its capacity was only thirteen.[4] Chesterton wrote an interesting account of his difficulties in finding suitable candidates for the Home.

> I derived some new light into that blind infatuation which impeded the corrigibility of the " unfortunate " class. Although I had daily access to, at the lowest computation, 150 of those frail and suffering creatures within the prison walls . . . I soon found the impracticability of winning many to accept so great

[1] *Coutts Letters*, pp. 80, 89, 96.
[2] *Coutts Letters*, p. 89; *A Summary Account of Prizes for Common Things offered and awarded by Miss Burdett-Coutts*, 1860 edn., xi, 101 (cf. *Coutts Letters*, pp. 106, 328, 338-9).
[3] Dixon, pp. 241-2.
[4] *House of Correction, Coldbath Fields: Report of the Visiting Justices* (henceforth cited as *Reports*), Michaelmas 1849, p. 21; Michaelmas 1850, p. 28. These Reports, and many other papers relating to the prison, are available at the Middlesex County Record Office, and I thank the Archivist, Miss E. D. Mercer, and her staff for their help.

> a boon. Objections would be raised, conditions critically sifted, and disdainful rejections of the offer would ensue too frequently to prove encouraging to my mission. Some would appear gratefully to assent, but as their enlargement approached, a change of mind would arise, and some plausible pretext be advanced to give colour to the ultimate refusal . . . However, I succeeded in making a, perhaps, second-class selection, approved, after a personal examination into their frame of mind and general fitness by Mr. Dickens, aided by the matron and myself . . . [Miss Coutts] had good cause to be satisfied with her charitable labours, for ample was the confirmation, from various colonies, of the creditable conduct of, I think I may safely aver, all her protégées. Strange to say, my good offices in that merciful object were impeded by a late magistrate, who perversely insisted (as was by cynical interpretation literally too true) that Miss Coutts had no right to confer with prisoners within these walls, nor was it " to be tolerated that Mr. Charles Dickens should walk into the prison whenever he pleased."[1]

The animosity between this magistrate, Benjamin Rotch, and Dickens and Chesterton had some curious consequences, which I have described elsewhere.[2] Rotch was a zealous teetotaler, a believer in the Separate System, and a pious man, more optimistic about moral reformation, and less devoted to " wholesome severity " than Chesterton. His campaign to persuade prisoners and warders to sign the pledge caused much friction within the prison, and further bitterness ensued when eventually Chesterton persuaded the other Magistrates to put an end to Rotch's activities. Thereupon, Rotch complained,

> . . . a wicked crusade was immediately commenced against all the warders and sub-warders who had signed the temperance pledge. The governor insulted them; the subordinates designated them as " *Rotch's Saints* "; a petition was signed for an increased allowance of beer to be brought into the prison, *and accorded by the Visiting Justices, my successors in office*; while the petition is kept as a test offered by certain of the warders to all new-comers, and if they refuse to sign it, they are set down as Teetotallers, and soon hunted out of the prison.[3]

Chesterton, of course, gives a very different account of the matter, and Dickens agreed with him. Dickens had no patience with such men as Rotch, whom he regarded as credulous and soft-headed; this appears in his frequent attacks on Prison Chaplains and others who too readily, as he thought, accepted prisoners' protestations that they had been reformed or converted.[4] Like Chesterton, Dickens wanted the scandalous old prisons—such as the Coldbath Fields and Newgate of the 1820s—reformed, but like Chesterton, also, he had little confidence in newfangled methods relying on kindness, moral or religious influence, or training in useful trades. Writing in 1861 about the Newgate of 1830 or so, he noted: "At

[1] *Revelations*, II, 184-6.
[2] "The Middlesex Magistrate in *David Copperfield*," to appear shortly in *Notes and Queries*.
[3] Letter from Rotch, printed in *An Inquiry into . . . Juvenile Depravity*, by Thomas Beggs, 1849, p. 179. Cf. *Reports*, January 1847, and Chesterton's account in *Revelations*, II, 191-203, 293.
[4] See, e.g., *David Copperfield*, Chapter LXI, and "Pet Prisoners," *Household Words*, April, 27th, 1850.

that time jails were much neglected, and the period of exaggerated reaction consequent on all public wrong-doing—and which is always its heaviest and longest punishment—was still far off. So, felons were not lodged and fed better than soldiers (to say nothing of paupers), and seldom set fire to their prisons with the excusable object of improving the flavour of their soup."[1]

Dickens's reputation as a penal reformer rests largely on his formidable attack on the Separate System in *American Notes*, which aroused a great stir at the time and has been much praised by historians of penology. Chesterton, as we have seen, shared this view ("I cannot," he wrote, "conceive anything more signally inhuman than the separate system as long pursued at the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia"), but Dickens also shared Chesterton's admiration for the not much less obnoxious Silent System. He praised, as we have seen, the two Middlesex gaols which adopted it, and he compared it very favourably with the Separate System—which, in its English version, at Pentonville, seemed to him soft and sentimental. The Silent System was, he wrote, less objectionable—

> because it is a severe [punishment], capable of judicious administration, much less expensive . . . and not calculated to pet and pamper the mind of the prisoner and swell his sense of his own importance . . . Rigid silence we consider indispensable . . . Let us impress upon our readers that the existing question is, not between this [separate] system and the old abuses of the old profligate gaols (with which, thank Heaven, we have nothing to do), but between this system and the associated silent system, where the dietary is much lower, where the annual cost [is less] . . . and where, while preserved from contamination, every prisoner is still one of a society of men, and not an isolated being . . . We hear that the associated silent system is objectionable, because of the number of punishments it involves for breaches of prison discipline . . .

—but, Dickens argues, this objection comes ill from the supporters of the Separate System, who remove their prisoners from temptation and yet claim that they are "converted" by this so-called discipline. Dickens ends the article from which these quotations come ("Pet Prisoners," written in 1850) with a protest against the Middlesex Magistrates' having "almost abolished the treadmill," and a demand that hard labour should be really hard and unpleasant.[2]

How retrograde were Dickens's ideas on penology, compared with the real reformers of his period, appeared yet more sharply three years later. (He was, indeed, reactionary compared with most moderate opinion, such as *The Times* and the great quarterlies.) Henry Morley, one of the *Household Words* staff, had written a laudatory review of a book, *Crime: its Amount, Causes and Remedies*, by Frederic Hill, who had recently retired from the Prison Inspectorate. Hill argued that prisons should aim to cure

[1] *Great Expectations*, Chapter XXXII.

[2] "Pet Prisoners," *Miscellaneous Papers*, pp. 223, 224, 234-5. The treadmill survived at Coldbath Fields, however, throughout the 1850s, as Mayhew witnesses; and a few months before Dickens wrote "Pet Prisoners" the Coldbath Fields magistrates had actually increased the prison's severity by lowering the diet and introducing shot-drill (*Reports*, Michaelmas 1849, p. 7).

their inmates; " harsh and vindictive treatment " or useless hard labour would not do this; only a taste for steady useful work, and the skill to perform it, could fit a criminal for an honest life. Morley accepted these arguments, but Dickens insisted on re-writing his article—" *impossible of insertion as it stands* " he wrote to Wills, his assistant editor. "A mere puff for Hill . . . Do they teach trades in work-houses, and try to fit *their* people (the worst part of them) for Society ? . . . I can never have any kind of prison discipline disquisition in *HW* that does not start with the first great principle I have laid down, and that does not protest against prisons being considered *per se.*" These and other points are made in the published article, after Dickens's revisions, and presumably it was Dickens who inserted—he certainly approved of—this deplorable passage:

> I think it right and necessary that there should be in jails some degraded kind of hard and irksome work, belonging only to jails. I don't think Mr. Hill's punishment of cleanliness and discipline, and no beer and no tobacco, half enough for the regular hands. I think it a question by no means to be left out of view, What kind of work does the determined thief, or the determined swindler, or the determined vagrant, most abhor ?—Find me that work; and to it, in preference to any other, I set that man relentlessly. Now I make bold to whisper in Mr. Hill's ear, the enquiry whether the work best answering to that description is not almost invariably found to be useless work ? And to such useless work, I plainly say, I desire to set that determined thief, swindler, or vagrant, *for his punishment.* I have not the least hesitation in avowing to Mr. Hill that it is a satisfaction to me to see that determined thief, swindler, or vagrant, sweating profusely at the treadmill or the crank, and extremely galled to know that he is doing nothing all the time but undergoing *punishment.*[1]

Even Chesterton, severe though he was, had never written as fiercely, or as foolishly, as this.

Coldbath Fields, strong though it was on the treadmill, might not contain enough exasperating unpleasant labour for Dickens's taste: but in most other respects its discipline accorded with his ideas. One other example may be mentioned: we have noted his suspicion of the piety allegedly induced and over-estimated by Prison Chaplains. At Coldbath Fields, though Chesterton was a religious man, piety was kept within bounds. Thus, Elizabeth Fry was not allowed to give her famous Bible-readings there, " owing to the High Church principles of the directors and chaplains of the prison," Caroline Fox recorded in her diary. (The most vocal Prison Chaplains were Evangelicals, it should be noted.) But she treated the Chaplains with " inimitable tact," and was permitted to tell the prisoners a story " which melted many of them to tears." The Chaplains were self-consciously reticent about making claims for conversions among their charges: as they said on one occasion, with a glance at such rival Chaplains as the Reverend

[1] Dickens to Wills, March 10th, 1853, *Letters*, II, 453; " In and Out of Jail," *Household Words*. May 14th, 1853, VII, 244-5.

John Field (who aroused Dickens's wrath and irony), their Annual Report would contain

> . . . but little of what too many in the present day may desire and look for. The dark tale of the criminal, whatever oftentimes its amount of strangeness and romance in the eyes of many, is necessarily regarded by them in a sterner and more awful aspect. The humbling confession, and the earnest promise of amendment (even were they more frequently realised in practice, and found worthy to be relied on, than their experience teaches them that they are) form, in their judgment, no matter for records such as these. Moreover, from the very nature of their labours, their actual successes, whether many or few, are not always to be discovered or accurately traced. Their labours are registered elsewhere; their successes and their failures only another Day shall make known.[1]

It was a notable sign of confidence in Coldbath Fields that Dickens, so prickly about Prison Chaplains, allowed one of the two serving this prison to sit on the Urania Cottage management committee.[2]

Chesterton's later career may be briefly told, in conclusion. In 1853 he published his autobiography, from which we have made many quotations. He had earlier dabbled in journalism, and certainly had many good stories to tell. Two of them had already appeared in *Household Words*—not that these represented him at his best: Dickens wrote to Wills, enclosing one of them, " which has not much in it, but which, called ' Coolness among Thieves '—and altered by the softening of some of his hardest words and finest writing, will—do. I can't say more for it."[3] A few years later, his two-volume *Revelations of Prison Life* achieved quite a success— it went through three editions within a year, and is still heavily raided by historians of English penology. But, by then, Chesterton had retired, and in rather distressing circumstances. Late in 1853, the prison cashier absconded with some of the funds; Chesterton was, as he admits, nominally responsible for all the financial accounts in the prison, and he was publicly attacked for negligence or worse. Some of the old animosities, caused by the quarrel with Mr. Rotch, revived, and much scurrilous misrepresentation appeared in the newspapers. An official enquiry was held, which found that Chesterton was honest but financially inefficient. He had to submit a rather pathetic letter to the Magistrates, begging that " you will not allow temporary displeasure to mar your sense of justice." He recalled his quarter-century of disinterested service to the prison, how he had suffered from various calumnies and much opposition, how he had co-operated with the Magistrates in introducing reforms, and so forth. He submitted also a Certificate from the Prison Surgeon, that his health had been impaired by an attack upon him by a prisoner in 1852, which had disturbed his mental powers and made

[1] Caroline Fox, p. 204; *Reports*, Michaelmas 1847, p. 17.

[2] The Reverend Edward A. Illingworth, Chaplain at Coldbath Fields 1839-72; see *Coutts Letters, passim*, where Professor Edgar Johnson's surmise as to Illingworth's identity (p. 139 note) is mistaken. It is probably significant that Benjamin Rotch fell out badly with the Coldbath Fields chaplains (*Reports*, Michaelmas 1848, p. 5).

[3] Dickens to Wills, March 28th, 1851, *Letters*, II, 292. The article appeared in *Household Words*, May 17th, 1851; another, entitled "A Prison Anecdote," had appeared on February 15th, 1851. These stories reappear both in *PWA* and *Revelations*.

him less able to cope with the administration of the prison. The strain of this scandal and the subsequent investigations had nearly killed him, he said. He was allowed to resign on a good pension, but it was a sad ending to an honourable career.[1] On Christmas Eve, 1854, he made his final inspection of the prison, found all well, and handed over to his successor. He lived until 1868 and seems to have continued his interest in Urania Cottage during his retirement.[2]

He does not seem, however, to have remained in the Dickens circle after this period; perhaps, in his retirement, he moved away from London. But Dickens's name was, many years later, to be much associated with that of Chesterton. For one of the prison governor's family was G. K. Chesterton, and perhaps that great Dickensian's interest in the novelist was enhanced by hearing the prison governor's letters, which were, we are told, read out to the family years later. "A relative recalls the sentence: 'I cried, Dickens cried, we all cried,' which makes one rather long for the rest of the letter."[3]

[1] The Magistrates seem to have forgiven his lapse, however, and at their meeting on December 7th, 1854, they unanimously passed a resolution praising his "zeal and ability . . . and unceasing exertion," and ordered an inscribed copy of the resolution to be presented to him.

[2] *Revelations*, II, 297-301; *Reports*, January, February and August 1854, July 1855, *passim*. The verbation record of the Court of Enquiry, in four volumes, is available at the Middlesex County Record Office (PR/CBF 7-10).

[3] Maisie Ward, *Gilbert Keith Chesterton*, 1944, p. 8. In an Appendix, Miss Ward sketches G. L. Chesterton's career and quotes some amusing extracts from his autobiography. The Prison Governor, wrote G. K. Chesterton in his *Autobiography* (1936, p. 20), was "I suspect, himself something of a Dickens character"—but he does not specify why. Mrs. Cecil Chesterton calls him "a bit of a rip," and refers to his alleged relations with his housekeeper, which resulted in a boy "who he protested called him 'Daddy' for no reason that he could imagine." (*The Chestertons*, 1941, p. 40).

ON NOT READING DICKENS

By Frank A. Gibson

I

THE Dickens world may be divided into three categories: those who read Dickens, those who do not read Dickens, and the rest. Of the three categories the last is perhaps the greatest. Appeals are sometimes made to them to remember Leo Tolstoy (a writer for whom their reverence is not the less for their ignorance of his works), for Tolstoy unreservedly put Dickens at the head of the world's literature; and this shakes them momentarily. But they are really and naturally impervious even to such forthright statements as the late Sir Ernest Wild's: "The man who does not know his Dickens is either a foolish person or a superior person, or both." At the best they are rather like a paraphrase of Dr. Blimber's scholars:

> "It is remarkable, Mr. Feeder, that Mr. Charles Dickens——"
>
> At the mention of this terrible author, their implacable enemy, every young gentleman fastened his gaze upon the doctor with an assumption of the deepest interest . . .

But sometimes there is not even a feigned interest. They know only too well that, like Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen, they may be put into a book; in fact, there is an uneasy feeling that that has already happened to them. Could Squeers approve of Dickens? Could Pecksniff résist the impulse to remember Dickens in his prayers? Could even Nicholas Nickleby refrain from thinking it was rather an ungentlemanly thing to do? Dr. Strong would have assuredly meditated a new and not too charitable biography. David Copperfield himself was perhaps not entirely free from resentment. As for the ladies—well, Mrs. Sparsit, Mrs. Raddle, Mrs. General would have been—nay, are I fear—monuments not merely of dislike but of scorn and contempt.

It is as well to remember this when considering the largest of the three Dickens categories.

II

The non-readers of Dickens are also a very large class, among whom I am proud to count myself one. I began not reading Dickens at a very early age. I remember a walk in a park during which a relative showed me a copy of *Pickwick* of the "Charles Dickens Edition," so called, as everyone knows, because each volume bore a facsimile of the signature which for long after I read as Gnarlesborough—wondering who *he* was. My relative also showed me the picture of Mr. Pickwick concealed behind the door of the young ladies' boarding-house. I don't suppose it was explained to me—things never were explained to children in those days—but it was my introduction to my non-reading of Dickens. There came later Oliver Twist, whom I most reluctantly left sleeping in his adorably attractive bed under the counter of the undertaker's shop while I hurried to my first school. How I wondered at Oliver's reluctance to stay with his amusing companions in Fagin's den; at his haste to get back to a respectability like that of one's own home in those boring Victorian days! I think almost the next work of Dickens which I did not read was *Dombey and Son,* in which I noticed a rather similar defect in Captain Cuttle's eagerness to exchange the exciting MacStinger domicile for the dull pretence of keeping a shop. Still, these things were all part of the mysterious world in which few things were fashioned after a child's heart. And, talking of worlds, this non-reading of Dickens did at least impart a wonderful sentiment which one has never quite lost, even after becoming less and less of a non-reader; the sentiment, namely, that every book of Dickens enshrines and records a new world. The world of *Pickwick* is one world, that of *Oliver Twist* another, that of *Nicholas Nickleby* yet a third, and that of *Martin Chuzzlewit* most astonishingly a fourth; that of *Dombey* cheerful but terribly businesslike; that of *Hard Times* a sad, Monday-morningish affair. And so on through all the books of Dickens without exception until we come to that last melancholy, loving, terrible, unfinished world of *Edwin Drood,* as unlike *Pickwick* in atmosphere—though in that alone—as chalk from cheese. That there could be all these worlds was not surprising to a childish non-reader of Dickens. Presumably they

all added up to one world. In fact, to a real reader of Dickens, to the late Humphry House for instance, they must have done, or he would not have called one of his books *The Dickens World*. And yet was not Mr. House an apostate when he pointed to the indisputable fact that characters from one of the books, from one of the worlds—Sam Weller for instance—would not fit into one of the other books—*Our Mutual Friend* let us say ? The denizens of one of the planets in the Dickens system would find themselves oddly ill-at-ease in the atmosphere of another.

But personally I have a hankering after the worlds of Dickens, a constant desire, vain though it be, to rediscover them; all of them with a different savour, a different moral atmosphere, a different mystery; the earliest ones the most attractive—and the least moralising. There are compensations in being a non-reader.

III

But, of course, one must admire intensely the real reader of Dickens such as Humphry House and, most surprisingly, the French Professor Chartier (André Maurois's old master in philosophy), whose book written under his *nom de guerre* "Alain" was inevitably entitled *En lisant Dickens*. He too was conscious of the individual atmosphere of the different books. It is fair to say that Alain makes an exception in only one case, that of *Sketches by Boz*, a work which he finds lacks the reality of the later *creations* because it is the result merely of close and accurate observation. A real reader of Dickens such as Alain does not complain with Quiller-Couch of the Dickens plots as mere distractions; he investigates them, briefly but thoroughly, studies them, learns them and looks forward to their development when he re-reads Dickens; which gives him the advantage of a better understanding. Better, even, than that of the redoubtable John Forster, who found Miss Havisham on the whole rather a bore; for to Alain the theme of a broken-hearted woman solemnly and in deadly earnest bringing up a young girl to make men unhappy is one of the most tremendous in all literature. It may well be maintained that all the Dickens plots, melodramatic though some of them are, repay study if only for the dialectical skill with which they are unwound. But the real readers of Dickens are very real. One would not include wholly among them the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and certainly not Andrew Lang, who aroused Swinburne's ire. But Sir Arthur, enthusiastic Dickensian as he was, quoted Tolstoy's remark to a friend of his: "All his [Dickens's] characters are my personal friends"; and added Swinburne's comment when told of this: "Genius will find out genius."

For, of course, Tolstoy had not the advantage of a close acquaintance with the language and *milieu* of Sam Weller, Mrs. Gamp, or Silas Wegg. All the more reason for accepting him as one of the real readers. And doubtless it is the real readers who appreciate best of all the individual facets of the Dickens world.

THE THEATRICAL TERNANS

Part X

By Malcolm Morley

WHEN Ellen Ternan married George Wharton Robinson it was her firm intention to help him in every way with his scholastic work at the High School in Hawley Street, Margate, where naturally they resided. George, it may be said, during his formative years had been very much under the domination of his mother, a stately matron of unflinching opinions who made the stately home in Cumberland as stately as herself. From early youth he had been mindful of her opinions and guided by her advice. Automatically he now sought female inspiration from his wife. The steady routine of the Margate establishment proved congenial to Ellen and, though problems were rarely absent, she appreciated a settled existence after the scattered employments that had preceded it. She was aware of the subservient position allotted to a governess in those days, whereas the mistress of a school had a status that lent authority and gave independence. In addition to teaching French and Elocution, the social side, attendant upon running the place, was the care of Ellen who arranged functions at the end of term for the scholars, taking great pride in their speaking of Verse and their rendering of Scenes from Shakespeare. She, herself, gracefully presented the prizes on such occasions.

Mr. & Mrs. George W. Robinson and their son Geoffrey

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Canon Benham, an Anglican clergyman in Margate, was giving Public Readings from Dickens. It was at one of these Readings

that, being asked by the audience to add further excerpts to his performance, the Canon indicated Ellen who was among the listeners and said they should call upon her, a better exponent than himself of the novelist. Attention was immediately centred upon Ellen and a loud demand made that she read some chapters from Dickens. No denial was allowed and Ellen repeated some of the passages she had read in the School. Though the professional theatre was far behind her, she had all the poise and assurance gained in the years she was on the stage. Her low, attractive voice was combined with perfect diction. From then on, many were the times when she was asked to give Readings from Dickens. Often Ellen and Benham would combine forces and give a joint entertainment. One particularly applauded item was *A Christmas Carol* in which the Canon voiced a number of the characters, a task undertaken by him with every degree of earnestness. He was a man generally interested in the Arts; not only was Benham an amateur actor but, under the nom de plume of Peter Lombard, he wrote for *The Church Times*. Years later he was to tell of Ellen presenting him with the very pen that Dickens had used in writing the unfinished *Edwin Drood*. The sad souvenir had come to her when she had been called to Gad's Hill by Georgina at the time of Dickens's death. Where is that pen now ? Has it vanished altogether ? Benham also repeated some of the things related to him by Ellen about her friendship with Dickens. Would an Anglican churchman reveal to another person something that had been discussed with him, obviously in confidence, even though it had been years before ? That " confidence " went down the line, from Ellen to Benham, from Benham to Thomas Wright and from Wright to the world. How the news spreads. Slanderous whispers have been loudly shouted by the gossips ever since. It is hearsay in the third degree and reiteration cannot make it any more than hearsay.

After ten years in Margate, George and Ellen Robinson with their two young children were to leave the town not without a measure of regret. The High School, which occupied all of George's time and attention, had proved too much for him. His health suffered and led to a physical breakdown. Medical advice was strict. It was absolutely necessary for him to get away from his present occupation and take a complete rest of several months. Reluctantly, and at Ellen's insistence, the School was disposed of and George set free of its innumerable demands. Stakes were pulled up and the family went to London, to 27 Sutherland Avenue, near Maida Vale. Robinson, soon benefited by his rest from responsibilities, and was anxious to be in harness again. What next to be done ? He was ready for schoolmastering, prepared to try again and this time it was to be under less onerous conditions. A large house was rented, 86 Sutherland Avenue, at the corner of Shirland Road, and here a Day School for boys was opened. Special boarders were taken, generally foreigners who had come to England to learn the language and Ellen's acquaintance with French, supplemented with her more limited knowledge of Italian, served well for the purpose. The house had the air of a linguistic academy.

As at Margate, Ellen taught Elocution and Deportment. Her daughter Gladys remembers her in class, illustrating speech with action and giving the approved gesture to the words, as she had learnt when a child actress, a youngling born and bred in the theatre. The little Gladys, following Ternan tradition, was to appear before the public at an early age. She was only five when she made her debut as a child reciter at an Entertainment held in the ballroom of a house in Park Lane. The pots of flowers decorating the front of the stage completely obliterated the small child and she could not be seen by the guests. A rug was placed on the grand piano and Gladys lifted on top, there to give her recitation. Needless to say she had a great reception to which, however, she paid not the slightest heed, being more concerned as to whether her favourite wooden donkey "Abdullah" would be sitting up for her on her return home. The infant, trained by her mother, gained quite a reputation and, as a juvenile star, shared honours at many a concert with artists of high professional standing. Her aunt, Mrs. Tom Trollope, wrote a poem specially for her, "A Nest of Singing Birds." This with Bret Harte's "Enfant Terrible" and other pieces, among them "The Ball Room Alphabet," "Flopsy" and "Pleasant for Brother Jack," allowed her, in her childish manner, to impersonate a diversified number of characters. The name of Miss Gladys Robinson appeared on the programmes of places like the Queen's Gate Hall, Addison Hall, Steinway Hall and the Chelsea Town Hall. At the last mentioned place she appeared on the bill with Esmé Beringer, George Hawtrey (brother of Charles) and Albert Chevalier who sang "My Old Dutch" and "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins." After the performance Chevalier took little Gladys on his knee and praised her saying, "Do you know, they tried to teach me to recite when I was your age—but I couldn't do it."

Gladys Robinson

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That young reciter, today a veteran of the Arts, is as active as ever, living in the present and treasuring memories of the past. She recalls Georgina Hogarth visiting the Robinsons in Maida Vale and of herself being taken to see Georgina with whom Ellen kept up a life-long friendship. Another friendship was with

Dickens's son Henry, whose daughters, Olive and Elaine, came regularly to the Christmas parties of the Robinsons. Life was full of interest for Ellen as the years went by. But again the health of George was the cause of concern. He rarely relaxed at his work and the strain was likely to prove dangerous for him. It was deemed essential that he should get away from the stuffy atmosphere of classrooms and the routine of teaching. The country was recommended and the opportunity was seized of securing a small holding in rural Calcot near Reading. There were greenhouses with grape vines, orchards of apple and pear trees. A sizeable house stood on the property together with a bungalow in the grounds. George would have no more of teaching: he would leave Maida Vale, go back to the land and become a market gardener, a healthy occupation in the open air. The venture would be a new one for him and Ellen. In 1894 they were living in Calcot nurturing the soil instead of youth.

To turn to Ellen's eldest sister Fanny in Rome where she was writing, entertaining and travelling. Her novels were now being published by Richard Bentley and Son, generally after they had been serialised in magazines. *That Unfortunate Marriage* has a contrived plot where the right young man marries the right young woman although, before this happens, musical evenings of the élite in London are described, gentle fun being poked at the artistic affectations of the nobodies posing as somebodies. There is wit without gall in Fanny's satire. She knew the people so well, the real and the pretenders. In *Madame Leroux*, her next novel, the butterfly bohemians fluttering round a cocoon of insipient talent in Great Portland Street are depicted as real characters, not caricatures. They are cleverly portrayed; their fads and foibles high-lighted rather than distorted. The skeletal story with a suicide solving its problems savours of the theatre of that time. A music teacher is the central figure, a young woman who also gives lessons in French and Italian. She might have been one of the Ternans.

Fanny's husband, Tom Trollope, in giving up his newspaper appointment in Rome, had expressed the wish of wanting to put an end to what he termed his fifty years' exile from his native England. Middle age was merging into old age, a thing he would never admit for in his mind he was as sturdy and strong as ever. But the urge to return to the homeland persisted and in the spring of 1886 he and Fanny came to England looking for a country residence, big enough for them and their belongings, at a price they could afford. Not finding one they came back the following year on the same quest. In the summer of 1888 a place was found that, with some reconstruction, would serve their needs. And so they settled for Cliff House at Budleigh Salterton. In their new surroundings on the south coast of Devon, Tom and Fanny resumed their life of writing and entertaining. He went to work on his memoirs, *What I Remember* and *Further Reminiscences*, volumes of rambling recollections of persons and places, mostly of the days of his youth. She continued her story-telling. A serial in *The Gentlewoman* had each instalment written by a different author, something of a parlour game in print. *The Fate of Fenella*

was begun by Helen Mathers, continued by Justin Huntley MacCarthy and then came Fanny's contribution entitled *How it strikes a Contemporary*, followed by one from Conan Doyle and others from well-known novelists until eventually the fate of Fenella was decided.

From Budleigh Salterton the Trollopes made long journeys by rail to see relatives and their old, old, friends. They paid a round of visits in 1891 and reached Penrith where Tom and his mother had lived long ago. In Cumberland they joined the Robinsons who, like themselves, were recalling past associations with that rugged county. Their infant daughter was with them and became quite a public figure, giving her Recitations at local festivities. Maybe some of those who heard her remembered her mother as a child phenomenon more than forty years before at Penrith and Carlisle. The next year Tom was keen to set off again. Travel still delighted him and a number of visits were arranged. He and Fanny set off together but it was to be the last journey of the old warrior. In a hotel at Clifton he was taken ill and there his earthly wanderings ended on November 11th, 1892.

Grieving and lonely, Fanny could not endure to remain at Budleigh Salterton now that Tom, her companion of over a quarter of a century, was gone. Everything about the place reminded her of him. She felt an overwhelming desire to occupy herself with something that might be a tribute to her absent partner. Leaving Devon, Fanny went to live in Cholsey, a small village in Berkshire, and spent her days in writing what was to prove the standard biography of Tom's mother, the celebrated authoress to whom Dickens had given her an introduction when she had first gone to Italy thirty years before. This labour of love appeared in two volumes in 1895 and had the full title of *Frances Trollope, her Life and Literary Work from George III to Victoria*. Fanny was now sixty and as alert as ever but, missing the contagious enthusiasms of her husband, she gave less time to creative occupation. The biography of Mrs. Trollope was virtually her swan song. Ellen invited her to Calcot and placed the bungalow at her disposal. It should be hers just as long as she chose to stay there. And Fanny, happy to accept, moved to Calcot.

Maria, during the years she acted as Correspondent for the *London Standard*, lived in Rome. Here residence in the city was something of an outpost for her family in England. When a small boy, Ellen's son Geoffrey made a long stay with her, and whilst in Rome was the subject of one of her best paintings. Maria left *The Standard* in 1898, and returned to England to share the bungalow on the Robinson domain with Fanny. In Calcot all three sisters were together again. Geoffrey was no longer at home. Though he always had a hankering for the stage, his early career was to be in the Army. After Sandhurst he was gazetted to the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, later to be transferred to the 2nd Inniskillen Fusiliers stationed in Ireland at the Curragh. Gladys, no longer a child reciter, had developed into a romping teen-ager completely at home in the countryside.

The scene was to change from Calcot to Southsea where Fanny took a house for herself and Maria at 27 Victoria Grove, a house

in which the two were to pass the remainder of their days. Their attachment to each other was as strong in age as in childhood and youth. Living in this seaside resort were some of the Ternan cousins, the children of William, the uncle who came from Rochester, where, years ago, he and his young brothers, Tom and Luke, had planned their lives. Luke, like poor tragic Tom, had become an actor but meeting with an accident which largely incapacitated him, he left the stage and employed his talents as a journalist and critic. George Robinson, perhaps tired of toiling on the land, sold the property at Calcot and, after a brief stay in Ealing, decided to follow the others to Southsea. Here, at 35 Waverley Road, near Fanny and Maria, he established himself with his family.

The market-gardener went back to teaching; not as a schoolmaster but as a tutor, coaching young men for the Service, private pupils only. Special boarders stayed at the house, coming from France to acquire English. They were taught by Ellen who was to be assisted by the grown-up Gladys, she having learnt the language from her mother. Jane Brown had returned to the fold and, although ostensibly housekeeper of the Southsea *ménage*, was equally guide, philosopher and friend to the family, a forthright person able to solve all household problems without the slightest indecision. In the full bloom of womanhood she was a second mother to Ellen whom she literally worshipped and Ellen clung to her—finding, whenever things went wrong, much comfort in the matter of fact assurances of big, bustling Jane.

The laugh of Aunt Mia, the entertaining Maria, was to be heard no more: she died suddenly on March 12th, 1904. The house in Victoria Grove was a sadder place without her. In the Robinson house George continued his tutoring, but his zest and energy were leaving him. He was gradually growing weaker and weaker, suffering from a form of anaemia for which there seemed to be no cure. The end was obvious and came late in 1910. After his death Ellen and Gladys went to live with Fanny and it was from Fanny's house that Gladys was married the following year to Edward Turberville Reece, a solicitor whose practice was in Cardiff. Jane, meanwhile, had drifted back to Slough, where her sisters, Emma and Sarah, were living.

Geoffrey saw service with his regiment in the Middle East and was attached to the Dunsterville Force that marched to Basrah on a hush-hush mission. He ranked as Major when he resigned his Commission in order to give his time to literature and the drama. Living in Slough, he developed a private business as a book dealer: rare and limited editions passed through his hands and reluctantly he parted with the many treasures that came his way. But the stage was calling him. His gift of mimicry as an amateur actor had delighted audiences and he decided to turn professional choosing Terence Cliburn for a *nom du théâtre* (Cliburn from the Cumberland village from which his father came). He spent some time touring in the provinces and between tours would often stay with Jane and her sisters in Slough. Making London his headquarters Geoffrey attached himself to the Black Cat Club, an *avant-garde* society giving special performances away from the

commercial theatre. One of his parts was John Denton in *Decree of Providence* at the Rehearsal Theatre in Maiden Lane. Jane, regarding herself as belonging to the family, came from Slough to 18 Guion Road, Fulham, to attend the son as she had done the mother, her allegiance to the Ternans never wavering.

Fanny Trollope was to die in the summer of 1913. Actress, singer and writer, she had enjoyed an active life of seventy-eight years. Ellen left by herself and without any close relatives in Southsea wanted to be near her son in London and, as soon as arrangements could be made, she came to Fulham to stay with the ever faithful Jane. A serious operation some years before had taken her strength. At first she was seemingly cured of her complaint, but it was only a respite. The symptoms returned: she was in great pain and the end was to be expected. Geoffrey and Gladys were both present when she died on April 25th, 1914 Conscious that she had but a short time to live, Ellen still had courage to voice, almost as her last words, the apology made by Charles II for taking such a long time dying. Geoffrey and Gladys, grandchildren of Tom Ternan and Fanny Jarman, were now the only ones left of what may be termed the Theatrical Ternans. The line extended back five generations, for the mother and grandmother of Fanny Jarman were both actresses.

Geoffrey surrounded himself with books at 37 Church Street in Slough, his address when not on tour with a theatrical company. He changed the spelling of his stage name and, as Terence Clibburn, took part in several productions of an experimental group called the Shop Window. At the little Grafton Theatre in Tottenham Court Road in 1933, Clibburn played a Detective in *What the Doctor Thought*, by Harold Kelly, and a Mr. Justice Trafford in *Sharper than the Sword*, by H. Worrall-Thompson, in which the leading role of Roger Cartlett was acted by that romantic Thespian, H. A. Saintsbury. In Ireland, Geoffrey had met Eva Thackeray, a collateral of the novelist. The two found they had the same outlook on life, the same craving for books. So began their long friendship which, cemented by copious correspondence, led to permanent partnership when they married. They went to live in Verwood, a small village near Wimbourne, but Eva's days were to be cut short and Geoffrey, a widower, became something of a recluse. During the Second World War he married again, his second wife being Mrs. Mary Squire, whose former husband was a clergyman. In his Dorset retreat Geoffrey devoted himself to literary research and collecting Shakespeariana. An invalid for many years his demise on June 27th, 1959, in Bournemouth Hospital was a release from suffering.

Gladys lost her husband, Edward Reece, on May 2nd, 1944, and now lives in London, the city she likes best in the world. Here her many artistic interests are shared with a near neighbour, her staunch friend Helen Wickham, designer of pottery figures which have been widely exhibited. And Miss Wickham is the daughter of the Mrs. Wickham who was the staunch friend of Ellen Ternan from the time they met in Paris with war's alarums sounding in their ears. Their daughters have continued the friendship through the years that followed.

(Concluded)

DICKENS AND THE OTHER HUGHES

By N. C. Peyrouton

THAT the early Dickens novels were the especial favourites of the children of Dr. John Hughes, Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral; that William Hastings Hughes was, perhaps, Boz's youngest read-to critic (as well as an actor in the last dramatics Dickens directed); that his student brother George was a proud contributor to *Bentley's Miscellany* during the period of Dickens's editorship; and that his brother Tom, like George and most of the other boys at Rugby, devoured *Pickwick, Oliver* and *Nickleby*—all this has lately been most ably presented in the pages of this magazine.

Quite properly the emphasis there was on Dickens and the younger Hughes. But of Dickens and the *other* Hughes, Thomas, the future author of *Tom Brown's School Days*, the boy who grew up to become a founder (with Kingsley, Maurice and Ludlow) of Christian Socialism, a leading spirit of the Volunteer Movement, an outstanding apostle of Muscular Christianity, sometime M.P. for Lambeth, and the epitome—friends and enemies would agree—of the Stout-hearted Englishman, there remain still some things that should be noticed.

For the story of the Hughes boys' captivation by Boz during their Rugby days we have only the direct references found in his *Memoirs of a Brother* (1873). References to Dickens in Thomas Hughes's letters and papers are very rare. The earliest is a notation in his Journal that on January 4th, 1844, he had met Boz at Harrison Ainsworth's (where he had been taken by Albert Smith upon whom he had called earlier). The twenty-year-old boy described Dickens as being "in wild spirits," presiding over a party of amateur magicians and jokesters[2] (possibly this was a kind of dress rehearsal for Dickens's Twelfth Night celebrations which had already become a tradition with him). Hughes, then an undergraduate at Oxford, was making the rounds of literary celebrities in London—taking advantage of the entrée his family's acquaintance with Barham and other *literati* afforded him.

Now however else his attitudes toward his boyhood literary idol were to change with the advancing years (and there is evidence that they changed drastically) in 1856-57, as "an old boy" recalling his own history idealised in the adventures of Tom Brown at Rugby, Hughes exhibited still a sentimental tolerance for the Dickens of his youth. Nostalgically, he editorialised upon "one of the moralists whom we sat under in my youth—was it the great Richard Swiveller, or Mr. Stiggins ?—says, 'We are born in a vale, and must take the consequences of being found in such a situation'."[3] At times in his book Hughes even flashes something akin to the earlier Dickensian techniques: in the old stage-coach guard, who tells young Tom hair-raising anecdotes, we are reminded a little of Sam Weller and Jack Hopkins. And, of course, it is "without looking up from an early number of *Pickwick*,

[1] W. J. Carlton, "A Five-Year-Old Critic of Nicholas Nickleby," *The Dickensian*, May 1959 pp. 89-93.
[2] Edward C. Mack and W. H. G. Armytage, *Thomas Hughes*, p. 37.
[3] Thomas Hughes, *Tom Brown's School Days* (Pocket Book Edition), p. 7.

which was just coming out and which he was luxuriously devouring, stretched on his back on the sofa,"[1] that East answers a question put by his friend, Tom Brown.

But these little touches notwithstanding, Hughes was not artistically indebted to the older writer—certainly not for that which would seem most obvious and applicable to re-creating a boy's view of himself and the world around him: the model the older and far more illustrious professional had provided in *David Copperfield*.[2] But then the two men were drawing their *aqua vitae* from two quite separate wells. So much in each instance was essentially—one might even say indivisibly—autobiographical; the characters of David and Tom were several planets apart in the boy's universe they both shared. David would have been mortified by the humiliations Tom suffered at Flashman's hands; Tom would have despised and, in turn, been despised by Steerforth. David would not have given up Traddles for half a dozen Easts. The quality of Dickens's boys' camaraderie what little there is of that sort of thing in his works, is of a different order entirely from that enjoyed by Hughes's boys. Eventually, through his son Charley,[3] Dickens may have come to experience vicariously some of the ethos of the English Public School tradition; but his appreciation could never have been as fully developed as that of one of its products, even were he willing that it should be.

Whatever his privately held reservations, in May 1864, Dickens placed on the public record his unqualified approval of that institution. In the presence of the Provost of Eton he said:

> . . . I believe there is not in England any institution so socially liberal as a public school. It has been called a little cosmos of life outside, and I think it is so . . . as far as I know, nowhere in this country is there so complete an absence of servility to mere rank, to mere position, to mere riches as in a public school. A boy there is always what his abilities or his personal qualities make him . . . of the frank, free, manly, independent spirit preserved in our public schools, I apprehend there can be no kind of question . . .[4]

This suggests that Dickens could have enjoyed reading Hughes—earnest preachments and all. More important, Dickens's admiration for the character and work of Thomas Arnold would have been enough to assure his interest in the book. With Hughes there seems to have been no progression. There is not a shred of evidence that by 1857 the author of *Tom Brown's School Days* had read any novel Dickens had written since *The Old Curiosity Shop*, although it seems hardly possible that he could have been completely unacquainted with Dickens's later books.

The second meeting of record between the two men occurred a little more than twenty years after the first when Dickens, as Chairman of the Anniversary Dinner of the University College Hospital held at Willis' Rooms, April 12th, 1864, shared the

[1] Thomas Hughes, *Tom Brown's School Days* (Pocket Edition), p. 149.

[2] Mack and Armytage, pp. 91-92 recognise a dependence and point out that Hughes had Dickens's account of Creakle's school to draw on. They note, also that the two books combine the realistic with the idyllic.

[3] A student at Eton from the age of 11 to 15. On at least one occasion Dickens treated Charley and some of his chums to a boating excursion and picnic.

[4] K. J. Fielding, *The Speeches of Charles Dickens*, p. 336.

platform with Hughes. The Chairman took the opportunity in his opening remarks to make a friendly allusion to Hughes's fictional alter-ego, to compliment him on his work for the Volunteer Movement and, finally, to subscribe himself to a familiar Hughes's credo. For after referring to the " bright ornaments " contributed by the Army and Navy (the formal subjects of the toast), Dickens went on:

> . . . Further it may be observed that the better our public institutions for the recovery of the sick, so much the better and stouter is the stock of which our soldiers and sailors are made. This latter will apply with equal strength, though in a less degree, to that fine-spirited body, the Volunteers, of whose Muscular Christianity I avow myself a devoted admirer—holding as I do that muscular development of anything that is good is strong presumptive proof of soundness of condition. If the various corps of Volunteers had been enrolled in the " school-days " of a certain youth with whom I believe we have all made acquaintance, I have little doubt that I should have found at the head of their list the name and title of Lieut.-Col. Tom Brown. As I have searched the list in vain for that name and title, and as I cannot, therefore, have the pleasure of coupling that name with the toast, I will, with your permission, substitute the name of Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Hughes. (*Loud cheers.*)[1]

Now Dickens's compliment may be interpreted simply as polite but perfunctory, no more than appropriate on such an occasion, or it may be recognised as a genuine conciliatory gesture from an editor whose journal (*All the Year Round*) had four years previously treated one of Hughes's pet projects, the Volunteer Movement, rather roughly. [Inspired by fear of invasion from Napoleon III's France in 1859, the Movement numbered Hughes among its earliest and most ardent supporters. Within a year he had raised two companies (later combined and known as the 19th Middlesex) from among students of the Working Men's College. Sensitive to the need for good public relations he wrote articles for its *Volunteer Service Gazette* and defended its work in *Macmillan's*.][2]

Although some of the *AYR* articles had been sympathetic, others, particularly the Grimgribber series[3] by Dickens's young protégé Edmund Yates, were not. Himself a Volunteer Ensign, Yates did not resist exposing the Volunteers to a humorously good-natured but mildly satirical treatment. Certainly it did not require much imagination from contemporary readers to recognise in the burlesque Grimgribber Volunteer Rifle Corps Hughes's own two companies;[4] moreover, its comic hero leader, Captain Tite Strongebowe, possessed an Anglo-Saxon muscularity that strongly suggested a caricature of Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Hughes.

1 K. J. Fielding, *The Speeches of Charles Dickens*, p. 226.
2 Mack and Armytage, p. 116.
3 " The Grimgribber Rifle Corps, We Commence the 'Movement' " (July 28th, 1860); " More of the Grimgribber Rifle Corps, Our New Captain " (September 1st, 1860); " Grimgribber Position-Drill " (July 20th, 1861). My grateful thanks to P. A. W. Collins for identifying Edmond Yates as the author (ref. E. Yates, *His Recollections and Experiences*, London, 1884, II, p. 49.
4 Like Hughes' volunteers, the Grimgribbers were allowed to drill in the play-ground of a " college." Pointing out that the " college " was actually a home for the superannuated was scarcely an effective disguise.

While we do not know that Yates had Hughes definitely in mind as an original, we do not know that he did not. We do not know that Hughes had read the series. But we do know that his response to Dickens's toast contains only usual obligatory kinds of reference to the Chairman. It begins:

> . . . I suppose that every Englishman, worthy of the name, will agree with our Chairman in saying that whenever the name of the Army and Navy is mentioned in English Society, it will be sure to call forth the warmest applause of Englishwomen and Englishmen. And I am sure that every Englishman must feel that it is a great honour to have his name coupled with either or both of these services . . .[1]

The author of *Tom Brown*, admitting he feels like an impostor, goes on to vouch for the high quality and unparalleled efficiency of the armed forces. After airing briefly the problems of instilling pride in soldiers, regular as well as volunteer, Hughes excoriates the critics of the Movement:

> . . . But to return to the part of the force which I feel I may honestly represent before you. The first remark I have to make is that there are a great many delinquents here who ought to have stood up for the service as much as myself . . .

After pointing out that the University College authorities were not among those with little faith and acknowledging their kindness in providing the Working Men's College Corps their playground to drill in, he returns to the defence:

> . . . A thoroughly good and healthy spirit now prevails. The mere pleasure of playing at soldiers, the mere wish to see themselves in fine dresses, which brought a lot of men and boys into our ranks, has very much gone out; and the country may thoroughly depend on the returns now made of effective volunteers . . .

There is, near the end of Hughes's speech, one final reference to Dickens's words:

> . . . I certainly agree in what has fallen from the Chairman as to the extreme importance of the medical profession to both the naval and military services, also to our own . . .

If Hughes was somewhat miffed at the censure his Volunteers had received in *All the Year Round*, he must have felt only the warmest satisfaction from the praise another of his pet projects, the Working Men's College, had elicited from this same periodical and its predecessor, *Household Words*.[2] The achievements of his institution—Hughes was one of the founders and, subsequently, its president, as well as an instructor in English and Boxing!—were hailed and favourably compared with those of its rival, the King's College Evening Classes. No doubt Dickens's endorsement did much to secure for the school the goodwill of his middle-class readers if not the active support of the working class; no

[1] This and the three quotations that follow it are extracts from the speech of Lieut.-Col. Thomas Hughes, the Hospital Report, published by permission of the Administrators of the Hospital.

[2] *HW*, "Minerva by Gaslight" (December 18th, 1858); *AYR*, "King's College Evening Classes" (October 20th, 1860). Earlier notices, describing Maurice's inaugural lecture commenting upon the first year's accomplishments of the College had appeared in the *Household Narrative* (November, 1854, pp. 244-245; December, 1854, p. 274). Most of the reporting and writing on the College was done by Henry Morley; there were a number of other articles and notices on the subject that I have not listed.

doubt Hughes, perhaps with mixed emotions, was aware of such an indebtedness.

But Dickens's support of the College, like his criticism of the Volunteers, did not get beyond the anonymity of his periodicals. He did not associate himself in any way with its work[1] although his old friend John Hullah was a member of its faculty. Even his acquaintanceship with Hughes appears to have been limited to those rare occasions when they shared a speaker's platform. This is not surprising for, despite an avowed common interest in the welfare of the English workingman, the two, Charles Dickens and Thomas Hughes, were as far apart in their real, adult, worlds as their respective *alter egos*, David Copperfield and Tom Brown, in their fictional, boy worlds. Dickens seems never to have lent a sympathetic or, even, a concerned ear to the Christian Socialist ideas[2] that were Hughes's preoccupation during many of these years.

Only in 1865, when Governor Eyre was brought home to stand trial for his conduct in the suppression of the Jamaica insurrection, do we discover a public controversy in which both men were committed—to opposite sides. This time Dickens stood with Carlyle and Hughes's friend, Charles Kingsley, for Eyre, while Hughes was allied with men like Thomas Huxley and John Stuart Mill against him. But this could hardly have effected an estrangement between the two authors for there was, as we shall see, by this time nothing to estrange.

In the absence of direct testimony we can only speculate as to what had happened to spoil the quality of the boyhood admiration Hughes had had for the fun and jollity of Dickens's early novels; to what had effected a disenchantment which led to his unfriendly dig in a letter to James Russell Lowell (December 1st, 1867), occasioned by Dickens's triumphal tour of America, apostrophising him as Mr. Pickwick and delighting to question whether that gentleman was "*man* enough for what I fancy the staple of the Adirondack Club for instance, of which Stillman used to rack on to me till my mouth watered."[3]

The sarcasm here seems obvious: Dickens's constitution is not sufficiently rugged to support intemperance of whatever variety. But the revealing reference to Dickens as Pickwick deserves more detailed examination. That Hughes might feel that such an identification was any longer even incongruously descriptive of Dickens in 1867 suggests a complete lack of understanding of the man. He may have felt that Dickens, admittedly once a great comic writer, had never been more than that, and (to alter the metaphor slightly) had become a novel-maker who would not stick to his books. Boz's portraits of pre-industrial England, of the coaching days and inns and the rest, Hughes could appreciate

[1] P. A. W. Collins (who has pursued the subject with Dr. J. F. C. Harrison, author of a history of the W.M.C.) assures me there are no references to Dickens in any of the contemporary material to be found at the College.

[2] For example, on the Co-operative Movement in which Christian Socialists were especially active I find only one article in *AYR*: "The Rochdale Twenty-eight." Appearing in February, 1868, when its interest was historical rather than controversial it is no more than what P. A. W. Collins (*Dickens's Periodicals: Articles on Education*) has described it: "An account, by one of the original Rochdale Pioneers, of the educational and trading developments of the Co-operative movement."

[3] Mack and Armytage, p. 174.

and even use their spirit in his own work to bolster up the myth of a Merrie Olde England. But when Dickens attempted to treat the contemporary Victorian scene and its problems he left Hughes cold. His art was in its peculiar way too descriptive and not sufficiently prescriptive to suit the younger, less perceptive critic. Because Dickens's vision was not his vision and because Dickens's commitments were not his commitments, he had come to believe his old idol had no vision and no commitments. Hughes probably shared Kingsley's opinion[1] of Dickens's later work, convinced like him that Dickens had failed to understand the obligations or properly exploit the opportunities of the Victorian critic-novelist. Hughes, unlike Dickens, believed in the effectiveness, if not the absolute necessity of social doctrine and dogma. One was either on the side of God and the angels in this work or became another Devil's advocate. For Dickens, a man who should have been able to see what was wrong, there could be, there should be, Hughes would affirm, no honest compromise. Dickens's failure to enter the political arena himself or to clearly define any kind of partisan position for this reading public, a public over which he exerted tremendous influence, had irked even some of his friends; it is not unreasonable to assume that such a quietism, coupled with his well-known and oft expressed distrust of Parliament and the great majority of its members, would have alienated Thomas Hughes, M.P.

But the illusion above has more significance than this. There was the question of Dickens's manliness raised. Personally, little Dickens, to cap off his other deficiencies, would not have seemed athletic enough, mentally or physically, to suit the Hughes's taste in champions. He liked a man who would wield a cricket bat and could take his turn at single stick. The mature Dickens lacked the sturdy yeoman bearing, the jaunty not unselfconscious assurance of Hughes; besides in many other ways he was quite un-English —much too fond, for example, of France and Frenchmen. Must not champions of the common man, even more than the common man himself, be prepared to stand, like latter-day Anglo-Saxons, stripped to the waist in bare-knuckled stance? But Dickens seemed not even to remove his gloves for the fray; neither did he perspire. He was too content, Hughes would have thought, tweaking the noses and pinching the cheeks of the villains; his humour and restraint were of little use in in-fighting, an activity of which Dickens, bemused, refused to take cognizance. And then, too, after 1866 Dickens seemed to have deserted his calling, to worship exclusively at the shrine of Mammon, pursuing first the pound and, at the end, the dollar. Certainly Hughes was jealous of Dickens's opportunity to tour the United States;[2] subconsciously he may have been envious also of the great author's histrionic success.

The third and last meeting of record between Dickens and Hughes occurred (after the latter had passed over to the Liberal and Reform fold) at the banquet to the Oxford University and Harvard College Crews, August 30th, 1869. Hosted by the

[1] See R. B. Martin, *The Dust of Combat*, p. 200.
[2] Mack and Armytage, p. 174.

London Rowing Club, Charles Dickens (sometime President of the Nautilus Rowing Club[1]) and Thomas Hughes (whose brother George had stroked the Oxford crew of 1843[2]) were among the invited guests and speakers. Dickens had attended the race in a private capacity as an interested spectator while Hughes had served as umpire.[3] Race and banquet must have been happy occasions for both men and may have enabled Hughes to discover something of the sportsman side of Dickens. And it gave them an opportunity to forward the cause of Anglo-American friendship which, whatever else might divide them, each valued dearly.

Dickens was in his last year becoming increasingly more receptive to values that Hughes cherished. He was closer in sentiment to Hughes's gospel of Muscular Christianity than even he had been in 1864. During the five years since their last meeting he had publicly professed his amateur status as a Thames' oarsman and eulogised Rowing Clubs:

> . . . what an honest, healthy, manly sport this was . . . . and he would remark that aquatic sports never entailed a moment's cruelty, or a moment's pain, upon any living creature. Rowing men pursued recreation under circumstances which braced their muscles, and cleared the cobwebs from their minds. He assured them that he regarded such clubs as these as a " national blessing " . . . they were greatly indebted to all that tended to keep up a healthy, manly tone . . .[4]

To these words, if he had been there to hear them, the author of *Tom Brown at Oxford* would have responded: Amen.

In his last work, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Dickens makes two of his most important characters public school " old boys " of the Muscular Christian stamp. Jack Lindsay has even found a " hint " of Charles Kingsley in Reverend Septimus Crisparkle.[5] Why not then, for good measure (on evidence no less sound) find a " hint " of Thomas Hughes in Lieutenant Tartar ? Surely, next to his authorship of *Tom Brown*, it is as a Muscular Christian layman and, figuratively speaking, Kingsley's old fag in the Christian Socialist school, that Thomas Hughes is remembered chiefly today.

[1] Fielding, p. 360.
[2] Mack and Armytage, p. 29. But Fielding, p. 37, quotes " Thomas Hughes . .. who had himself stroked the Oxford crew in 1843." This may have been an error by the *Daily News* reporter who covered the banquet and wrote the original account. The authors of the Hughes biography indicate that both brothers were rowing for Oxford that year. Possibly they alternated as stroke oar ?
[3] Mack and Armytage, p. 140.
[4] Fielding, pp. 360-361.
[5] J. Lindsay, *Charles Dickens*, p. 39. Or do I read too much into his words: " *Edwin Drood* . . . has one sympathetic ecclesiastic, who holds a hint of Kingsley's muscular and socially-conscious Christianity."

HOUSEHOLD WORDS

I recently came across some cuttings from *Household Words* which were printed on two qualities and two sizes of paper, although the printing area is similar. It would seem possible that there were two editions of different paper and available at two different prices. Can any reader enlighten me ?

Cape Town. FRANK BRADLOW.

SNEVELLICCI

By V. C. Clinton-Baddeley

From a lecture to the Dickens Fellowship in London, February 19th, 1960

OH ! tell me not of sorrow's seal,
It *chills*, but cannot quench the soul;
Say not life's cup no sweets reveal,
There's still some brightness in the bowl.
Can all be dark that life supplies ?
Whilst earth can boast of Smithson's eyes.

These mawkish lines from *Oxberry's Dramatic Biography*, 1825, compare very ill, both as poetry and as praise, with the robust stanza, published in a provincial journal a few years later, about the fascinating leading lady of the Crummles Company.

Sing, God of Love, and tell me in what dearth
Thrice-gifted Snevellicci came on earth,
To thrill us with her smile, her tear, her eye,
Sing, God of Love, and tell me quickly why.

Now, eyes, in the plural, are merely eyes, the dangerous weapon of a lovely woman. Eye, in the singular, is something much more effective. An eye has power to compel. Smiles, too, and tears, are weak things in the plural, suggesting silliness and sentimentality. In the singular a smile speaks for the whole art of comedy, and a tear for the strong command of emotional acting. Smithson, one feels, may have had eyes, but Snevellicci had something better. She was a good and experienced actress, trained from her cradle in the traditions of the playhouse.

Her father had been in the profession since he had played the ten-year-old imps in the Christmas pantomimes—a fact expressly recorded in the pages of *Nicholas Nickleby*—and as theatrical children were commonly the offspring of theatrical parents it is a reasonable conjecture that Mr. Snevellicci's parents had graced the profession before him. A pantomime family, no doubt—like, but hardly as distinguished as, the Lupinos and the Grimaldis. Mr. Snevellicci could sing a little and dance a little, and had appeared, sometimes in the ballet and sometimes in the chorus, at every theatre in London. He had not risen high in his profession, but he seems to have been constantly in work and to have done well in his own particular line of business. He was " always selected in virtue of his figure to play military visitors and the speechless noblemen," and " always wore a smart dress, and came in arm-in-arm with a smart lady in short petticoats—and always did it, too, with such an air that people in the pit had been several times known to cry out ' Bravo ! ' under the impression that he was somebody." Which, after all, is acting of a sort.

Mrs. Snevellicci was a dancer and although she now danced in the background, she must have been attached to a theatre good enough to have a background. Grimaldi's mother, Mrs. Brooker, danced at Drury Lane for forty years. Mrs. Snevellicci may have lasted equally well—she had " a neat little figure and some remains of good looks "—and there seems some reason to suppose that, like Mrs. Brooker, she was employed at Drury Lane.

Miss Petowker was a friend of Mrs. Snevellicci, and we know that Miss Petowker " went on " in the pantomime at that theatre. Now, Miss Petowker was not an actress of distinction. Mr. Crummles did not engage her because his company was in need of her services, but in order to oblige a friend, who wanted to be married privately, out of London; and although he advertised her as " The Unrivalled Miss Petowker," the only instances of her talent which have been brought to our notice are her performance of " The Blood-Drinker's Burial," and her curious ability, in the guise of a sylph, to stand on one leg and play the tambourine on the other knee *like* a sylph—accomplishments for which small use might be found on the stages of the legitimate drama. In Mr. Crummles's praise of Miss Petowker the voice of the manager can be heard. It is to be feared that her talents had not often been displayed anywhere but in the Drury Lane pantomime, and if the Snevelliccis were to meet her at all, they must surely have done so in the course of that seasonal employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Snevellicci, we may be sure, had both been employed, not gloriously but at least continuously, in the London theatre. Their daughter was bred in the London theatre, and had passed all her life among theatrical people. That she was an excellent actress seems certain. Nicholas Nickleby thought her uncommonly good. Mr. Crummles said she was quite a genius. She had possession of all the leading parts not played by Mrs. Crummles, and ranged between Lady Macbeth, Juliet, the Little Jockey, and the heroine in melodrama; indeed, " thrice-gifted " seems almost an underestimate.

" Where you ever learnt to act as you do," said the good-natured Mrs. Borum, " I cannot understand . . . laughing in one piece, and crying in the next, and so natural in all—oh, dear ! " We know something about that. Miss Snevellicci had learnt her business in good schools. She had been in the Canterbury company, and a newspaper cutting, referring to " the young gentleman of immense fortune residing within a hundred miles of the good city of York," who was alleged to have made honourable proposals, suggests that Miss Snevellicci had almost certainly been a member of the York company too. Now, she could have gone to no better schools in England than the York and the Canterbury circuits, and the York and Canterbury circuits would certainly not have accepted an actress of no distinction. At both theatres she would have had an opportunity of playing with visiting London stars. In joining the Crummles company Miss Snevellicci had perhaps taken a step down; but these were the late eighteen-thirties, a time when the provincial stage had entered upon a period of acute depression. Miss Snevellicci would have been in hardly better company if she had remained at Canterbury, for by 1837 (which I take to be the date of the Crummles chapters) even that famous circuit was within a year or two of collapse. Considering the date, Mr. Crummles's company was doing very well to be on the road at all.

What sort of company was it ?

Everybody agrees that Mr. Vincent Crummles, and his daughter, " The Infant Phenomenon," were founded on the touring manager,

T. D. Davenport, and his daughter, Jean, " the most celebrated Juvenile Actress of the day ": but it is no compliment to Dickens to proceed from thence to the assumption that the Crummles company was a fourth-rate affair on an exact level with the Davenport company. Creative novelists are prompted by experience, but they would not be creative novelists if they did not enlarge their experience and build upon it. Characters of fiction have little more to do with their first inspiration than the design of a town hall has to do with its foundation stone: Skimpole was only Leigh Hunt up to a point, and we need not assume that Crummles resembled T. D. Davenport in anything but the obvious eccentricities.

In 1827, in *The Road to the Stage or The Performer's Preceptor*, Leman Thomas Rede gave a list of provincial managements, a schedule of the average salaries paid by each, and an estimate of the probable salaries in the sharing companies.

In a sharing company the profits were divided into as many shares as there were actors, plus four which belonged to the Manager in consideration of his scenery, dresses, properties, and organisation. If the manager acted he got another share for that, and he collected further shares if his wife or children were acting members of the company. A manager with a large family might corner as many as ten shares to the single share which was the fixed reward of the actor.

Davenport was one of the few managers who still ran his company on a sharing basis; and these managers, Rede noted, " generally seek towns where the theatre has been for a considerable time closed." Now, the Portsmouth theatre had done very badly in 1836 and, except for a visit from the Davenport company in March and April, had been closed during 1837. It is certainly very interesting that Mr. Crummles's company should have been proceeding to Portsmouth " not for a regular season, but in the course of a wandering speculation." The phrase reflects the known conditions at the Portsmouth theatre in 1837 and indicates a company deliberately seeking a town " where the theatre has been closed for some time." Moreover, it is probable that Dickens knew these details, for he visited Portsmouth in 1838, and as Mr. James G. Ollé has ingeniously conjectured, " the sight of a weather-worn playbill clinging to the Theatre's wall, advertising the Davenport season of the previous year, may be the simple explanation of the relationship between T. D. Davenport and his daughter Jean, and Vincent Crummles and his daughter ' The Infant Phenomenon '."[1]

That is too little to say. William Pleater Davidge, the veteran actor who died in 1888, had many memories of the Davenport company, to which he belonged in about the year 1837. Davenport, he used to say, was a master of publicity. He always chose lodgings in such a position that the maximum number of people would pass them on their way to church. On a Sunday morning the Infant Phenomenon would be placed in a window with a big doll to attract the attention of the rustic population, who marvelled at the little genius who could act Shylock at night,

[1] *The Dickensian*, June, 1951.

and care for her doll like any other little girl by day. Presently Davenport, his wife and daughter, would emerge and walk in procession to church, always arriving just after everyone else was seated, Davenport marching up the aisle with an expression of sanctity on his face which came directly from the melodrama.[1]

All this is clearly reflected in Dickens's creation of Crummles—especially in the description of the actor's magnificent behaviour at the marriage of Miss Petowker. But it is not necessary to suppose that the parallel between the two companies extends any further and, indeed, the evidence is entirely against such a theory.

As the Portsmouth scene grew under his hand Dickens filled it with details which did not belong to a sharing company. He did not copy the Davenport company, he created the Crummles company, and made it a good deal better than his original model. Counting the manager's family of five, the Crummles company contained not less than twenty-three members, perhaps more—which was as many as the full size of the company on the respectable Norwich circuit, and much larger than the average repertory company of the present day.

Dickens sent the Crummles company on " a wandering speculation " for obvious reasons. He could not set his story in one of the established circuits. He had necessarily to create a circuit for Mr. Crummles as, later, he had to create a minor theatre for Mr. Wopsle. But Guildford, Portsmouth, and Winchester were at least good towns: they were on somebody's circuit. Mr. Crummles was visiting respectable theatres, and staying at them for a sufficiently dignified length of time. Even before Nicholas's success Mr. Crummles had planned to stay at Portsmouth for three weeks—which was as long as the York company used to play at Pontefract and Wakefield in Tate Wilkinson's days. Eventually the company stayed at Portsmouth for at least five weeks.

One piece of financial evidence needs explanation. Crummles told Nicholas that (including Smike's services and his writing) he would make a pound a week, and " if we had a run of good houses nearly double the money "—which, certainly, at first consideration, suggests a sharing company. But a later and contradictory statement gives a different meaning to the manager's words. When Nicholas gave notice of his impending departure, Mr. Crummles " evinced many tokens of grief and consternation; and, in the extremity of his despair, even held out certain vague promises of a speedy improvement not only in the amount of his regular salary, but also in the contingent emoluments appertaining to his authorship."

It is impossible to rank the Crummles actors as a sharing company after that plain reference to a regular salary. If you wish to be dry you may argue that Dickens had forgotten the early words of Mr. Crummles, and made a mistake in the rough and tumble of serial publication. But it is pleasanter to accept Mr. Crummles as he is, and to believe that the two statements are not at variance.

In the first place, no sharing manager would have committed himself to one pound a week. Rede says that a guinea was the

[1] See *The Stage*, September, 1888.

average spoil in the Chamberlain sharing company, but the average in Thompson's and Laverock's companies was only fifteen shillings. In the Davenport company and half-a-dozen others the share was too variable to be justly estimated. Evidently one pound a week was not a safe calculation in a sharing company. On the other hand one pound a week was the recognised bottom fee in a great many salaried companies. The circuit including Guildford (one of Mr. Crummles's towns) paid one pound; York and Canterbury a guinea; the Portsmouth, Southampton, and Winchester theatres a guinea to thirty shillings. When Mr. Crummles said that Nicholas might earn nearly double the money if they had good houses, he could have meant that he might be able to put his salary up if the tour proved a success. Or he could have meant that his salary might be increased (and it was) as a reward for his writing. Indeed, in talking to a recruit, of whom he knew nothing at all, he could have meant anything he chose to mean.

Whatever Dickens had in mind when he began, he had certainly built up a respectable enterprise before he finished. It is particularly interesting that the " wandering speculation " of chapter 22 should have become " this circuit " by chapter 30. " If he only acted like that, what a deal of money he'd draw ! " said Mr. Crummles wistfully, after Nicholas had made a dramatic withdrawal from his sitting-room. " He should have kept upon this circuit; he'd have been very useful to me."

In a salaried company an actor's pay was regular, but it was not very much. On the Norwich circuit at about this time the top salary was thirty-five shillings, and nine of the company received that sum. In the Crummles company salaries were probably lower. Miss Snevellicci would have been paid twenty-five, perhaps thirty, shillings a week. Out of this she would certainly have had to spend something on clothes. The management would have had a large wardrobe, but a leading lady, who wanted to make a success, would have attempted to supply something better. Rede said in 1827 that it had " become imperative that a leading man should provide his own wardrobe." We know at least that Miss Snevellicci treasured her own tights, and the fascinating little top boots that she wore as the Little Jockey.

Except on some special occasion, such as a race meeting, a provincial theatre was rarely open every night of the week in those days. The Crummles company was only playing three nights a week until Nicholas's remarkable success enabled the manager to venture a fourth night. This is an accurate reflection of general practice. Four nights a week was the rule at the Norwich Theatre up to 1842.

Four performances is half the number expected of an actor to-day. But, in spite of that, the Georgian actor was probably much harder worked. On each of those four nights three pieces would have been presented: a drama, a comedy, and a burlesque —with songs and dances in between—and each of the four programmes would probably have been different. This meant that the actors had to be masters of many parts. "A country actor

in a small company, and aspiring to a first-rate situation, will invariably have to study about *five hundred lines per diem*," wrote Rede in *The Road to the Stage*. And added: " His duties at the theatre embrace four hours in the morning for rehearsal, and about five at night."

In those days actors prided themselves on being " quick studies "—but it is significant that the following forfeit had to be included in the rules of many provincial theatres: " For not being reasonably perfect at the last rehearsal (sufficient time having been given for study) five shillings."[1] The fine is a large one in comparison with the salary, and can hardly have been exacted very often; but the need for the rule is made very plain by the angry notes in Macready's diary on dates which accord exactly with the Crummles period. In 1834, at Canterbury, the actors did not know their lines. At Bristol he was " disturbed in my best effects by the carelessness of the performers." At Brighton " not one person was perfect." And he thundered against the same trouble at Bath in 1835 and 1836.[2] We may believe that it was not without toil that thrice-gifted Snevellicci had added to her repertoire all those splendid heroines of melodrama, and those leads in tragedy and farce, which ranged between the noble precipice of Lady Macbeth and the safe lowlands of the medley dance.

Nor was that all. According to the rules, every performer was expected " to go on the stage and assist in all the processions and choruses, where it has been customary in London for principals to be engaged." Dickens included even this small point in his picture of the Crummles company. " We'll call the Mortal Struggle tomorrow at ten," said Mr. Crummles, " everybody for the procession."

Every performer was also required by the rules " to go on the stage, if in the theatre, or within call, whenever it is deemed expedient, to sing the national airs."

English audiences had long been given to demanding national airs from the orchestra. Early in the eighteenth century they used to call for " Britons, Strike Home ! " Fielding's " Roast Beef of Old England " became the favourite song in the 'thirties, particularly after a famous riot directed against the French players at the Haymarket in 1738. " Rule Britannia " had immediate theatre popularity. " God Save the King " first became a playhouse song at the time of the 'Forty-five Rebellion. Revived with enthusiasm at the time of George III's illness, it soon after became an almost nightly demand as a protest against Jacobinism and the French Revolution. In those days, and for long after, an audience would demand " God Save the King " whenever it felt like it—at the beginning of the play, between the acts, or at the end—and insist on the whole company appearing to perform it. Hence this rule about the singing of " the national airs." The management had to be prepared for unpredictable demands in a patriotic audience.[3]

[1] Rede, *op. cit.*, p. 19. A similar rule was necessary at Drury Lane, besides a further one: "Anyone imperfect in the words of part at night shall forfeit that night's salary." (Rede, p. 75.)
[2] W. C. Macready, *Reminiscences and Selections from his Diaries and Letters*, ed. Sir Frederick Pollock, 1875, Vol. I, pp. 407, 435, 444, 447; Vol. II, p. 12
[3] See the chapter on " God Save the Queen " in the author's *All Right on the Night*, 1954.

During the performances (except when changing her clothes) Miss Snevellicci would have rested, not in her dressing room, but in the green-room. Not many modern theatres possess such a place. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the actors spent so much of their time in the theatre, the green-room was the club-room, the centre of theatre life, and as much so in the provinces as in London. " When dressed," writes the valuable Rede, " the performer should proceed instantly to the green-room, as no notice, but of the music having been rung in, is given in the dressing-room; the call-boy enters the green-room to call every actor and actress as they are wanted in each scene."[1]

This is a point which Dickens has exactly reported in *Nickleby*. On the night when Nicholas decides to leave the company, Mrs. Crummles, the Phenomenon, Miss Snevellicci, Mrs. Grudden, Miss Belvawney, Miss Bravassa, Mr. Folair, and several un-named gentlemen are all found together in the green-room, ready dressed for their parts. And there, too, in a well-disciplined company, they would have sat by day, waiting their turn in rehearsal. Indeed there were even fines for *not* being in the green-room. " For standing on, or walking across the stage, when not engaged in the scene, sixpence," ran the rule in provincial theatres. At Drury Lane the fine was half-a-crown.

Another fine, wisely included in the rules of many provincial theatres was: " For being obviously intoxicated when engaged in the performance, one guinea." Macready describes several instances of drunkenness in provincial companies, including a Roman decemvir in *Virginius*, at Exeter, who was " so excessively drunk as to tumble from the *sella curulis* into the forum." The danger point in the Crummles company was the elderly gentleman, who played the calm and virtuous old men, and who was described as inebriated at the morning rehearsal when Nicholas first arrived at the Portsmouth theatre.

Another fine which could be earned by the provincial actor was " For standing at the wings in sight of the audience, or sitting at the wings, two shillings and sixpence." To-day, with our box sets and book-shaped wings, such an impropriety is nearly impossible. But in Snevellicci's day, when the scenes ran in grooves parallel to the footlights, it was easy for those sitting near the stage to see through the open wings. Possibly the eighteenth-century actor considered himself conventionally invisible so long as he was not on the acting area. Such a belief would easily spring up in a society which had not long got rid of members of the audience sitting between the wings in sight of the rest of the house. Certainly, at the end of the century, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century, they seem to have been curiously careless — sometimes from convention or indifference (Macready describes Mrs. Siddons waiting for her cue in sight of part of the audience)[2]— and sometimes from malice. At Sheffield, wrote Tate Wilkinson, manager of the York circuit, the wish of the company " to retard Mrs. Jordan's success with the audience was so studied, violent, and resolved, that they would in groups sit at the stage doors to

[1] Rede, pp. 34, 20
[2] Macready, *op cit.*, Vol. I, p. 56.

disconcert her, and prevent her doing justice to the parts she had undertaken."[1]

The rules quoted by Rede in 1827 represented an advance in responsible behaviour—but it is to be feared that the Crummles company did not always abide by this regulation. On the occasion when the London manager was believed to be in front, " some of those who were not in the first scene, hurried to the wings, and there stretched their necks to have a peep at him; others stole up into the two little private boxes over the stage door, and from that position reconnoitred the London manager." In short, the Crummles company behaved very badly indeed—though not necessarily Miss Snevellicci, who may have been on in the opening scene, and guiltless of this barbarous indiscipline.

It is one of Dickens's finest feats of characterisation that, whereas Miss Snevellicci is continually represented as setting her bonnet at Nicholas, she yet establishes a sure reputation as a good sort and a good actress. She behaves like a siren but, as Mr. Crummles confided to Nicholas, " There will not be the smallest impropriety—Miss Snevellicci, sir, is the very soul of honour." And so it proved. Miss Snevellicci loved easily, but she was incapable of pressing an unsporting advantage. She was not half as dangerous as that other young charmer with the black eyes and the fur round her boots, Arabella Allen, who was observed to scream very loudly when Mr. Winkle offered to assist her over a stile. Miss Snevellicci was also given to screaming, but these were merely the manifestations of a gay impressionable heart. There was no offence in it, and Nicholas was never in real danger of an entanglement. Miss Snevellicci might be a flirt by nature and by day, but the best of her love was for her work and she never allowed her private life to interfere with that.

Affection for Miss Snevellicci (and affection is the emotion she inspires) is founded in admiration—admiration for her performance in *The Mortal Struggle*. The charming femininity of Miss Snevellicci's first appearance " in all the glories of white muslin with a gold hem." " The intrepidity of Miss Snevellicci, who adopted tights, and therein repaired to the prison of her captive lover, with a small basket of refreshments and a dark lantern." These impressions are soon recorded, but they surely transmit something of that thrill that good acting always communicates. We know instinctively that we have been in the presence of an excellent actress, a first impression confirmed by the audience on her benefit night, who greeted Miss Snevellicci with a roar of applause, while the loyal Borum family rose as one man, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and uttering shouts of " Bravo ! "

But that was later. It is during her canvass for the benefit that admiration warms into sympathy.

If a salary of a pound to thirty shillings had been the sole reward for all its hard work, the theatrical profession would not have attracted many. But an actor's salary in the early nineteenth century was of less importance to him than his benefit night. For this performance the actor chose the night's programme, with the collaboration of the manager, presented himself

[1] Tate Wilkinson, *The Wandering Patentee*, 1795, Vol. II, p. 164.

in an attractive part, and earnestly persuaded the public to attend. He had to reckon with the expense of advertising, and the takings had to be divided with the management—benefits, as Rede carefully notes, "in all cases are more profitable to the manager than the performer."[1] After the payment of all charges, a popular actor might make a good sum and, as he would take a benefit at several towns on the circuit, the total of his benefit money would much exceed his salary. The York circuit included six towns—York, Hull, Leeds, Pontefract, Wakefield, and Doncaster—and each of the actors took a benefit at York, Hull and Leeds.

Benefits in smaller companies were probably arranged on less regular principles. "The fact is," said Mr. Crummles to Nicholas, "the fact is that Snevellicci has had so many bespeaks in this place, that she wants an attraction. She had a bespeak when her mother-in-law died, and a bespeak when her uncle died; and Mrs. Crummles and myself have had bespeaks on the anniversary of the phenomenon's birthday, and our wedding-day, and occasions of that description, so that, in fact, there's some difficulty in getting a good one."[2]

Arrangements with the management varied on different circuits. On the York and Norwich circuits the managements went equal shares with the actor above a small charge for the use of the house. Mrs. Baker, of the Canterbury circuit, had been in the habit of taking two-thirds of the winnings—and that was the arrangement that Mr. Crummles made with Miss Snevellicci. We are not told what Miss Snevellicci made, but Nicholas received £20 for his benefit a few days later.

The actor's benefit was an anxiety as well as a blessing. If it were not well organised it could end in a loss. Actors were obliged to make personal appeals for support, to write to some patrons, and to call on others, and to promenade the town, slipping bills into letter-boxes, and dropping them down likely areas. By the eighteen-thirties some of the more important provincial theatres—Bath for instance—had made rules against canvassing, but in any small company it was still necessary to cajole, persuade and entreat for patronage. It was a tiring, humiliating, embarrassing business, but an actress who failed to wait upon her patrons would be easily accused of pride and discourtesy. Indeed, if an actress were unwell, she often considered it incumbent upon her to insert a notice in the papers, asking her patrons to excuse her from waiting on them personally.

No reader could accompany Miss Snevellicci on her round of visits without admiring her courage and dignity, and when the repulsive Curdle gives her only seven and sixpence for his four two-shilling tickets we are all, to a man, on Miss Snevellicci's side. No one will criticise her after that if she sets her bonnet at

[1] Rede, *op. cit.*, p. 53. He was referring to the ordinary provincial actor. London stars, who could make their own terms, might be allowed a benefit free of charges, and if they were important enough, and the place large enough, might return home with two or three hundred pounds as reward. The benefit system is discussed at length in the author's *All Right on the Night.*

[2] Thrice-gifted Snevellicci was not married—so "mother-in-law" must stand for "step-mother." This is very mysterious because, later in the story, Mr. and Mrs. Snevellicci come down to Portsmouth on a visit. If Mr. Crummles was right, then Mrs. Snevellicci must have been Mr. Snevellicci's third wife. But perhaps Mr. Crummles was making it all up as he went along. He was quite capable of that.

Nicholas. And no one will be in the least surprised to find that she does not succeed. She was a splendid actress, but she was not ruthless enough to be a successful man-eater. On the other hand, she was much too good a sort to be left on the shelf, and it is a pleasure to know that she was eventually married to "an affluent young wax-chandler, who had supplied the theatre with candles." We may be sure that it was a love-match and (since the young man was affluent) we may be hopeful that they lived happily ever after.

THOMAS MITTON'S HOME AT LAMPTON

See page 58

BOOK REVIEWS

The Romance of Charles Dickens, by Ursula Bloom. Robert Hale, 12*s*. 6*d*.

Charles Dickens is not really a suitable hero for an historical novel as his life is too well documented to leave much scope for the novelist's imagination. His immense correspondence gives a detailed account, not only of his daily doings, but of his tastes, friends, family and surroundings, while patient research has filled up the gaps in his early years. We also have the reminiscences of those who knew him, beginning with Forster, and the many references to him in letters of the period.

Even the love affair with Maria Beadnell, which Miss Ursula Bloom has tried to isolate, has few obscure corners, and Maria herself has been doubly exhibited, romantically as Dora, ironically as Flora. (Miss Bloom makes no mention of Flora.)

The Love Romance of Charles Dickens, edited by Walter Dexter, in 1936, brought together not only Dickens's letters to Maria and to her father, but extracts from Maria's youthful album, including drawings of her, and verses by her and her admirers, as well as *The Bill of Fare*, a facetious poem written by Dickens in 1831, describing her family and friends. Mr. Dexter added information about her sisters and their husbands and her own marriage and later life. It should also be remembered that, in spite of Dickens's violent feelings about her and the influence she had on his imagination, the whole affair was over (apart from its tragi-comical postscript in 1855) by the time he was twenty-one, so cannot fairly be made the central drama of his life.

A novel might have been written from Maria's point of view, for Dickens *was* the central figure in her drama, though she did not realise it in her youth, but some imaginative sympathy would have been needed, and of this Miss Bloom does not display a trace. She represents the worthy Mr. Beadnell and his wife, who lived over the bank in Lombard Street, as vulgar plutocrats, rather like the Osbornes in *Vanity Fair*, with a carriage, footmen and spacious apartments lit by "hundreds of candles." All their thoughts and language are coarse and mercenary, and it is impossible to imagine Dickens addressing such a couple with the religious consolations he wrote, in 1839, on the death of their son. Dickens's friend Kolle, who married Maria's sister, and Mr. Winter who married Maria are just as money-grubbing, while the latter is, without any justification, portrayed as a drunken waster. (All that is known of him is that after he failed in business he became a clergyman.) Maria is shown as a hardened gold-digger.

The Dickens family is equally unrecognisable. Mrs. Dickens is always tearful and timid, while John Dickens is deprived of his alternations of optimism and despair and his magniloquence. He is referred to as jolly Mr. Dickens and speaks in short breezy sentences. The account of Charles's early literary career is so wildly inaccurate that it is impossible to disentangle, and the general picture of social manners and custom bears no resemblance to what we know of early Victorian ways. At a date when dinner was at six, and tea was drunk later in the evening, Dickens is

portrayed munching muffins, plum cake and beef sandwiches at five o'clock. There are frequent references to " those days," and their gentilities and snobberies, but it is difficult to know to what days they refer. The extracts from genuine Dickens letters which occur in this novel are so out of key with the conversations and descriptions which surround them that they seem to belong to a different book. It is a pity that Miss Bloom did not use her imagination on a work of pure fiction instead of travestying historical characters and events—with misleading results for the innocent reader.

PANSY PAKENHAM

The Last Victorian—a biography of R. D. Blackmore, author of *Lorna Doone*, by Kenneth Budd. Centaur Press, 1960, 15*s*.

In this biography of R. D. Blackmore we are told that the author of *Lorna Doone* was a shy and retiring man, whose literary interest was divided with his love of cultivating his fruit orchard, surrounding Gomer House, Teddington, where he lived for many years. " Blackmore," writes Mr. Budd, " was always very cordial in his invitations to the few whose friendship he sincerely valued. He preferred that such friends should come to him rather than he to them. The life of literary London did not interest him . . ." *Lorna Doone*, practically the only novel for which Blackmore is remembered now, was written in 1869, so that Dickens would have had short time in which to meet its author had he wished to do so.

The writer of this short but most interesting biography succeeds well in re-creating the personality of this great Victorian and emphasises the fact that Blackmore was responsible for many excellent novels besides *Lorna Doone—Clara Vaughan, The Maid of Sker, Cripps the Carrier, Perlycross*, etc. Although none of them approached the peak attained in *Lorna Doone*, nor its popularity, Blackmore displays his skill in them all as a pastoral novelist and they can still give enjoyment to lovers of the English countryside.

The particular point of Dickensian interest in the biography lies in the author's claim that Blackmore may have slightly preceded Dickens in the introduction of a member of the plain-clothes police into a novel. A. E. Murch in *The Development of the Detective Novel* says that " Dickens was the first novelist to portray the English police, their special place in the community they served, their organisation and the methods employed by the new ' detective force ' symbolised by Inspector Bucket." Dickens had of course written papers about the plain-clothes detectives earlier in 1850 in *Household Words*.

Mr. Budd points out that four years before Wilkie Collins published *The Moonstone* (1868), with Sergeant Cuff, based on Inspector Whicher of Scotland Yard, Blackmore, in *Clara Vaughan*, had introduced Sergeant Cutting. The first draft of this book was completed about twelve years earlier than its date of publication (*circa* 1852), so that Inspector Cutting must have been " born " at about the same time as, or just before, Inspector Bucket in *Bleak House* (1852-53).

The biographer refers to an interesting trend of the Victorian

novelists, in the significance of their interest in human beings rather than places. For many of his novels Blackmore chose the name of one of the chief characters in the story just as Dickens and other authors followed the same course.

Mr. Kenneth Budd is undoubtedly a Dickensian, and the dust cover of this little book is reminiscent of the green covers of Dickens's paper parts. J.G.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT

Aubert J. Clark, O.F.M. Conv., M.A., *The Movement for International Copyright in Nineteenth Century America*, (D.Phil. Dissertation), The Catholic University of America Press, Washington D.C., 1960. $3.50.

We owe much to American scholars. They have always tended to claim that all literature is universal and, like James Russell Lowell, have demanded, " Why should we not claim our share in England's ? " This is especially clear to students of Dickens; we have gained enormously by it; and yet the oddity remains that we are still waiting in vain for studies of certain aspects of Dickens's life that can only come from America. We are still waiting, for example, for the plain text of that 1867 diary that started off Mr. Felix Aylmer, but which so quietly reposes unpublished in the New York Public Library. Perhaps even more obviously nothing has been done more skimpily than his two visits to America.

So far, therefore, a new historical study of the movement for International Copyright in the U.S.A., in which Dickens took part, is welcome; and yet, as far as it concerns Dickens, it is somewhat disappointing. It is not just that one feels misgivings when one finds John Forster re-christened William, sees Bulwer and Tennyson accredited with premature peerages, or learns that Dickens did not utter a word at the 1842 New York banquet at which he was one of the chief speakers—and partly on copyright, too. It is that the story of Dickens's intervention in the movement simply never comes alive. We do not merely want to know what is to hand on record, but what actually happened: who attacked whom, and who was in the right; was Dickens, for example, justified in saying that he would not sully the floor of his lavatory with a copy of a certain American newspaper; is no record to be found of Trollope's copyright mission of 1868, which just overlapped Dickens's visit; or is it true, for instance—as certain records seem to imply—that the whole dispute might possibly have been settled rather sooner if certain payments could have found their way into the pockets of influential Congressmen ?

Perhaps all this is asking a great deal too much. Certainly to the future biographer of the American visits who is willing to make his own enquiries, this book will be an indispensable tool. After all, it is the first single work that attempts to outline the history of the whole International Copyright Movement. To the literary historian it will be a valuable quarry; and if this is not a perfectly finished work it is still one that has done much to clear the way ahead. K.J.F.

DICKENS IN RUSSIA

By Boris Gilenson

FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY once made the following signal note in his diary:

> ". . . I feel certain that we understand every shade of Dickens in the Russian language almost as well as the English themselves, and admire him no less than his countrymen. But how typical, unique and national Dickens is, none the less."

Indeed, ever since the first translations of the great novelist's works appeared in Russia, he has been deeply respected and appreciated by his Russian readers. This feeling has lasted throughout the years. Eminent Russian writers of the most diverse trends and creative methods unanimously acclaimed the author of *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, and Turgenev, speaking to the Goncourt brothers, once said that Charles Dickens was the most popular among the foreign authors read in Russia. In France of the 'sixties and 'seventies of last century, the *Realisme* magazine declared that Dickens was known only to specialists, whereas in 1844, before *Dombey and Son* and *David Copperfield* had appeared, the *Russian Literaturnaya Gazeta* (Literary Gazette) wrote that the English novelist was " more or less well known to every educated man in Russia." Fifty years later, another Russian newspaper, the *Russkaya Mysl* (Russian Thought), stated that, " Charles Dickens's name is known to every more or less educated Russian reader. Replete with unusual scintillating humour and clever psychological analyses, and imbued with profound humaneness, the works of the great English writer have in the past 30 years been finding a most cordial reception in Russia. There is not a circle or a class of society which has not interested itself in Dickens and perused all his books."

Each new book by Dickens was translated and published in the Russian periodicals long before its instalments appeared in Great Britain. Such was the case with *Dombey and Son*, when two magazines, the *Sovremennik* (Contemporary) and *Otechestvenniye Zapiski* (Fatherland Notes) competed in putting the novel out quicker.

How is this unusual popularity of Dickens in Russia to be explained ? In the matter of literary style he may have seemed to be more " old-fashioned " than some of his European contemporaries, such as Balzac, Stendhal or George Sand. I believe the answer to this question lies in Maxim Gorky's words to the effect that, " Dickens is a writer whom I hold in high esteem. That man brilliantly achieved the most difficult art of love for men."

Dickens's heroes were, and still are, the companions of the young people of each new generation, and continue to stir their imaginations, just as they did a hundred years ago. It was these impressions of childhood that Korolenko recalled in his essay, " My First Acquaintance with Dickens," when he wrote that after reading *Dombey and Son*, the " silvery tinkling name " of its author left a deep imprint on his mind. At first, Korolenko

reminisced, the heroes of the book left him cold, but when he reached the scene where Dombey renounced his daughter without a word, his heart filled with anger and pain, and filled with a thirst of revenge he kept repeating the author's words that Mr. Dombey would remember all this in the years to come.

"I stood with the book in my hands," wrote Korolenko, "shocked and overwhelmed by the girl's cry of despair, and the author's burst of anger . . . Why, oh why, did he write such a book? About so horrible, so cruel a man? But he could not write otherwise . . . No, I felt that he could not help himself, that that was just how it was, and he had only witnessed that horror and was as shocked as I . . . The despair, pain and anger of his own heart joined the poor girl's terrified cry."

Dickens's works were highly praised by the foremost Russian democratic critics. Russian literature was always strong in social and critical spirit. Belinsky, Chernyshevsky, and Herzen wrote several times that Dickens was not merely a humorist caricaturing one or another side of human nature, but also a satirist who reacted acutely to every manifestation of social evil and disordered set-up, a writer who derided falseness, hypocrisy and money-grubbing. The great novelist was, according to Chernyshevsky, "a champion of the lower classes against the higher, a chastiser of falseness and hypocrisy." These traditions of critical approach to Dickens's works have been carried on by the Soviet literary scholars.

A. Lunacharsky, the first People's Commissar of Public Education and Lenin's comrade-in-arms, wrote very aptly of Dickens and his versatile manner of writing:

> "Charles Dickens! A cascade of brilliant scenes and types, peals of healthy, good-natured laughter, inexhaustible ingenuity, the wonderful spell cast by an incomparable story-teller, bursts of poetry, and sometimes explosions of lofty emotion."

In Soviet times the works of the English writer are being studied in the teachers' training institutes, philological departments of universities and institutes of foreign languages. Charles Dickens is the subject of two doctors' and more than ten Masters' dissertations, and of countless scientific articles and prefaces to his novels. In the post-war period alone four monographs were published about his work.

Of these comprehensive papers, mention should be made, in the first place, of "Dickens's Works" by Professor Valentina Ivasheva of Moscow University, printed in 1954. From the generalised viewpoint of Russian and foreign criticism, this monograph examines the writer's work in close contact with the social movement of his time, and in particular the Chartist movement. Dickens is revealed in it as a realistic writer, an exposer of injustice and the friend of the ordinary people—a son of his time who reflected in his work the contradictions of the era in which he lived.

Another interesting essay on Dickens, published in 1958, came from the pen of Tamara Silman, D.Ph.Sc., of Leningrad. Here there is no chronological listing of the writer's books or an analysis

of *each* of them. The author is interested primarily in disclosing the uniqueness of the great novelist's creative method.

In distinction to those who saw in Dickens a follower of the styles of his predecessors, Fielding and Smollett, Tamara Silman reveals the innovatory character of his art. Disputing with those who underestimate the romantic element in Dickens's works, she proves the great rôle that romanticism played in his stories, and their ties with the traditions of Byron and Shelley. Romantic faith in the victory of good over evil, according to the author, explains the originality of the writer's method which combines Utopia with reality, gentle humour with bitter satire. Finally, arguing against the critics who contend that after *David Copperfield* the writer entered a period of crisis, Tamara Silman points out the artistic and rich ideological content of Dickens's social novels, such as *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit* and *Bleak House*, which stress the full force of his satire, the depth of his penetration into the essence of the social contradictions of his day.

Dickens's novels belong to those happy books which are always "read and re-read" in the U.S.S.R. *Dombey and Son* has had eighteen editions; *David Copperfield* seventeen; *The Pickwick Papers* seventeen; *Oliver Twist* fourteen. From the October Revolution up to the Second World War, the general circulation of Dickens's works amounted to two million copies, and during the twelve years following the end of the war, this figure grew to 7,500,000. Charles Dickens was at the head of the 1957 list of British classics for circulation. In 1957 a new, sixth edition of Dickens's *Collected Works*, running to thirty volumes, was begun. Nineteen volumes have already appeared. The circulation of each volume is 600,000 copies—one of the highest figures for fiction in the Soviet Union. Thus, his *Collected Works* alone will include 18,000,000 books.

THOMAS MITTON

Mr. W. J. Carlton writes to point out that, through a misunderstanding on the part of the photographer, the house shown in the illustration on page 148 of the last number of *The Dickensian* (September 1960) is not the one where Thomas Mitton lived. The photograph reproduced on p. 52 shows both South Lodge (left) and North Lodge (right), Lampton, two adjoining houses occupied by Mitton, in the latter of which he died, as stated in Mr. Carlton's article.

PROFESSOR JOHN MANNING

It is regretted that on page 98 of *The Dickensian* for May, 1960, Professor John Manning, author of *Dickens on Education*, University of Toronto Press, was described as a Professor of Education. In fact he is an Associate Professor in the Department of Humanities, Michigan State University, East Lancing.

L.C.S.

A DICKENS COMPETITION

SOLUTIONS

The Dickens Competition set on page 120 of the Spring Number of *The Dickensian* appears to have given great pleasure to the competitors and achieved its purpose as an incentive to many hours of enjoyable reading and research. In many cases the answers were much fuller than required, but so long as they contained the essential answer, agreeing with the key adopted, full marks have been allowed.

In two cases alternative solutions have been accepted and qualify for marks:

(1) The date of *Pickwick Papers*—1827 or 1830, although 1827 was originally intended as the correct answer, this being the date given in the beginning of the book.

(2) The reason for assuming that John Jasper had a sister. Either Edwin's surname or the reference by Durdles to Jasper's brother-in-law in the graveyard has been accepted.

In view of the typographical error in question 12, sections (b) and (c) have been ignored and only section (a) has been counted in the marking. It was felt that this would be only fair, as some competitors had sent in their solutions before the correction appeared in the Autumn number.

The agreed solutions are as follows:

1. " The idea of a man walking about all day with a dreadful horse that he can't get rid of ! " Mr. Pickwick.
(*Pickwick Papers*, Chapter 5.)

2. (a) Mullins's Meadows.
(b) Four people.
(c) Mr. Wardle and three fat men (his guests).
(d) Mr. Miller.
(e) A little hard-headed Ribston pippin-faced man.
(*Pickwick Papers*, Chapter 6).

3. (a) Mr. Wardle; (b) carrying both guns like a second Robinson Crusoe. (*Pickwick Papers, Chapter 7.*)
(a) Bob Sawyer; (b) looking like a dissipated Robinson Crusoe. (Chapter 30.)
(a) Doctor attending on the crumpet eater; (b) has a Robinson Crusoe set of steps so that he can get out of the green fly in which he travels without the coachman getting down. (Sam Weller's story, Chapter 44.)

4. (a) Short girl—black eyes.
(b) This is the description given by Jingle.
(*Pickwick Papers*, Chapter 8.)

5. (a) Tears.
(b) Sam Weller.
(c) Mr. Pickwick.
(d) Job Trotter.
(e) August, 1827 (or August, 1830)
(*Pickwick Papers*, Chapter 16.)

6. (a) The name of a theatrical wig.
(b) Worn by Mr. Crummles at the wedding of Mr. Lillyvick and Miss Henrietta Petowker.
(*Nicholas Nickleby*, Chapter 25.)

7. (a) The Lady Flabella. (*Nicholas Nickleby*, Chapter 28.)
(b) The other four were plays performed by Mr. Crummles and his Company. The Lady Flabella was a three-volume novel read aloud by Kate Nickleby to Mrs. Wititterly. (Chapters 22 and 23.)

8. (a) Mrs. Clennam is not Arthur's mother.
Gilbert Clennam, her husband's uncle in a codicil to his Will leaves a sum of money to Frederick Dorrit or his younger niece—Little Dorrit. Mrs. Clennam suppresses this bequest.
(b) Jeremiah Flintwich and Arthur's father. (Also accepted Jeremiah's brother and Mrs. Clennam.)
(c) Rigaud, or any of his aliases. (*Little Dorrit*, Chapter 30.)

10. (a) Bunsby (*Dombey and Son*, Chapter 23.)
(b) Bunsby. (Chapter 23.)
(c) Mrs. Pipchin. (Chapter 8.)
(d) Miss Tox (in her locket). (Chapter 1.)
(e) The Game Chicken's opponent he was successful in beating. (Chapter 32.)
(f) The Larkey Boy. (Chapter 44.)
(g) Mr. Toots's tailor. (Chapter 12.)
(h) Rob the Grinder. (Chapter 32.)
(i) Miss Tox. (Chapter 29.)
(j) Knocked about the head three times a week by the Game Chicken. (Chapter 22.)

11. (a) The Ghost of Christmas Present.
(*A Christmas Carol*, Stave III.)
(b) The little tailor fined by the Lord Mayor. (Stave I.)
(c) A Dutch merchant built the fireplace in Marley's (Scrooge's) chambers and paved it with Dutch tiles.
(Stave I.)
(d) Scrooge's niece. (Stave III.)
(e) The Ghost of Christmas Present (more than eighteen hundred brothers). (Stave III.)

12. (a) Durdles on pointing out his stonemason's work in Cloisterham churchyard, says to Jasper, pointing to a sarcophagus within the railing—"Your own brother-in-law," or Edwin, Jasper's nephew, having a different surname to that of his uncle. (Chapter 5.)
(b) Princess Puffer. } Not counted (Chapter 23.)
(c) John Jasper. } in the marking. (Chapter 23.)

The winner, to whom a copy of *The Speeches of Dickens* will be sent, is:

Miss M. Corney (Manchester Branch).

The winning Wellerism was:

"Anything for a laugh, as the torturer said when he tickled the soles of his victim's feet."

Only two all correct solutions were submitted; the second by Mrs. G. MacKrell, also of Manchester.

A consolation prize was awarded for the nearest correct Overseas entry to: Mr. F. A. C. van Oorschot, Haarlem Branch, whose Wellerism was:

"Anything for a laugh, as the unsuccessful clown said when he went and bought a Hyeener!"

The Wellerisms were judged by the President.

J.G.

DICKENS LONDON

THE BLACK BULL—HOLBORN

When Mrs. Gamp first reported for nursing duties at The Bull, in Holborn, she was relieved to find "a parapidge, in case of fire, and lots of roofs and chimley-pots to walk upon."

The sign of this old inn, referred to by B. W. Matz in his *Dickensian Inns and Taverns* as a "very fine specimen of a black bull, with gilt horns and hoofs and a golden band round its body," disappeared when the building, originally built in 1825, was demolished in 1904 to make room for the premises occupied by Gamages.

The sign was purchased by Sir William Bull, M.P. for Hammersmith from 1900 to 1929, and head of a firm of solicitors, Messrs. Bull & Bull. It now rests over the porch of the premises occupied by these solicitors at 267-269 King Street, Hammersmith, and a plaque in the entrance explains the connection of the sign with *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

A land mine, exploding near the premises, chipped away pieces of this handsome bull, but it has now been restored and repainted. There this link with Mrs. Gamp remains for all Dickensians to see, minus its golden hoofs and waist band, which have been painted black, and its gilt horns, which are now a humble white.

T.V.B.

THAVIES INN

Our old friend Percy Merriman, whose knowledge of London must be akin to that of Sam Weller—"extensive and peculiar," writing about the many Dickens corners that have been threatened, points out that Thavies Inn, where the Jellyby child got his head imprisoned in the railings, has gone completely from Holborn Circus. A fine house on the site is named clearly Thavies Inn House, thus preserving the name. Only to Dickensians, however, will this conjure up the magic name of Borrioboola-Gha.

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP DIARY

Branch Secretaries are invited to contribute copies of their syllabus.
London Meetings appear on page iii of cover.

Birmingham	Jan.	11th	"Charles Dickens as a Social Reformer." Rev. A. T. Brakenrig.
	Feb.	7th	Birthday Dinner.
	Mar.	3rd and 4th	Play: "Nicholas Nickleby."
	,,	8th	"Some Minor Characters from Dickens's Novels." Mrs. J. Bacon.
	Apl.	12th	Annual General Meeting.
Blackpool	Jan.	19th	Domestic Scenes from *David Copperfield*. Mrs. R. Newell.
	Feb.	9th	Birthday Celebrations and Dinner.
	,,	23rd	Dickensian Musical Evening.
	Mar.	6th	Visit to Blackpool Scientific and Literary Society.
	,,	9th	Visit by the Preston Branch.
	,,	23rd	Annual General Meeting.
Bristol and Clifton	Jan.	5th	New Year Concert.
	Feb.	9th	Birthday Party.
	Mar.	10th	Play: "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy."
	Apl.	13th	Reading: *A Tale of Two Cities*."
Eastbourne	Jan.	20th	Film: "The Magic of Morocco." Mr. Reginald Perry.
	Feb.	3rd	"Some Aspects of French Literature." H. B. Savill.
	,,	10th	Birthday Dinner.
	,,	17th	Evening at Chelsea College.
	Mar.	3rd	"Victorian Literary Lions." Miss Christie and Miss C. Mosley.
	,,	17th	"Dickens Characters and Characteristics." H. C. Green.
	Apl.	7th	Dickens Brain-Trust and Social.
Hull	Jan.	6th	"Twelfth Night."
	Feb.	3rd	Members' Evening.
	,,	11th	Birthday Dinner.
	Mar.	3rd	Talk about "Andrew Marvell."
	Apl.	7th	Drama Evening.
Liverpool	Jan.	17th	"People of the Roads and Streets—*David Copperfield*." Miss A. E. Hargreaves.
	,,	31st	"Mary Webb—Her Words." Miss Beaverstock, B.Sc.
	Feb.	14th	Birthday Celebrations—A Valentine Party.
	,,	28th	Play Reading.
	Mar.	14th	Readings and Recordings of Charles Dickens.
	,,	28th	"Bring and Buy" Sale.
	Apl.	11th	Readings: *David Copperfield*.
	,,	25th	Annual General Meeting.
Manchester	Jan.	7th	"What does the Team think?"
	Feb.	11th	Birthday Celebration Luncheon.
	Mar.	17th	Recitals, etc. "In the Words of Dickens."
	Apl.	14th	Annual General Meeting.
Nottingham	Jan.	14th	"Dickens and Crime." P. A. W. Collins, M.A.
	,,	28th	Readings: *Martin Chuzzlewit*.
	Feb.	7th	Birthday Dinner.
	,,	11th and 28th	Readings: *Martin Chuzzlewit*.
	Mar.	11th and 25th	Readings: *Martin Chuzzlewit*.
	Apl.	8th, 15th and 29th	Readings: *Martin Chuzzlewit*.
Plymouth	Jan.	21st	"Old Tims'" Tea and Entertainment.
	Feb.	6th	Film. "Bring and Buy" Sale.
	Mar.	6th	Literary Evening.
	,,	14th	Birthday Dinner.
	Apl.	10th	Literary and Musical Evening.
	,,	24th	Annual General Meeting.

Portsmouth	Jan.	3rd	New Year Party.
	,,	10th	" Out of the Hat."
	,,	24th	" Charles Dickens and Children of Today." Miss D. M. Bambury.
	Feb.	4th	Birthday Dinner.
	,,	14th	Surprise Packet, followed by Dickens Romances.
	,,	28th	Dickens Readings (Members' Competition).
	Mar.	14th	Debate: " Dickens is still alive."
	,,	28th	*David Copperfield.*
	Apl.	11th	Notes on the Life of Charles Dickens. Mrs. G. Major.
	,,	25th	" Twenty Questions." Mrs. O. M. Holloway.
Rochester	Jan.	19th	*Great Expectations.* R. J. March, F.L.A.
	Feb.	4th	Birthday Party.
	,,	16th	Annual General Meeting and Members' Night.
	Mar.	16th	Dickensian England from Gravesend to Plymouth. Mr. T. V. Brewer.
Sheffield	Jan.	9th	Newspaper Items by Members.
	Feb.	6th	Mr. Keen's Lantern Lecture on Old Sheffield.
	Mar.	6th	" Husbands and Wives." Mrs. Kaulfuss.
	Apl.	10th	A Favourite One, with Recitals. Miss Corney.
Southend	Jan.	4th	Whist Drive.
	,,	21st	Annual Dinner and Dance.
	Feb.	1st	Whist Drive.
	Mar.	1st	Whist Drive.
	,,	4th	" Some of the Minor Characters in the Novels." Mrs. J. Bacon.
	,,	11th	Dance.
	Apl.	8th	Whist Drive.
	,,	15th	Dance.
	,,	22nd	Reading Circle.
Wolver-hampton	Jan.	14th	Members' Evening. " Bring and Buy " and Competitions.
	Feb.	9th	Birthday Dinner.
	,,	11th	Quiz Evening and Surprise Item.
	Mar.	11th	" Dickensian Fashions." Mrs. J. G. Lewis.
	Apl.	8th	Play: " Highlights " from *Bleak House.*

CHANGE IN BRANCH SECRETARY

Branch	*Retiring Secretary*	*New Secretary*
California Pickwick Club	Miss M. Cassidy	Mrs. E. Griffiths

MR. WINKLE ON THE ICE

When giving my Dickens lectures to the schools in Norway, the school children were delighted by the adventures of Mr. Pickwick and his friends. What impressed them most however, was the fact that Mr. Winkle put his skates on with the points to the back. They seemed to think that was the last word and were always doubled up with laughter when this incident was referred to. I am afraid that I must have destroyed all respect for Mr. Winkle in Norway!

J.G.

OBITUARIES

The deaths are regretfully recorded of the following Dickensians:

Mr. E. F. WATHERSTON, President of the Victoria Branch, British Columbia;

Mr. T. HAYTHORNTHWAITE, of Blackpool;

Mr. S. PAGE, of Birmingham;

Mrs. ELIZABETH TAYLOR, of Wolverhampton. (Founder Member); and

Mrs. AGNES RUST, of Wolverhampton.

GEORGE FREDERICK YOUNG

It is with very great regret that we have to record the death, on December 1st, of George Frederick Young, member of Headquarters Fellowship for more than thirty years, and Past Chairman of the Executive Committee. He had been very ill for a number of years and had borne several serious operations and prolonged treatment with the gentle fortitude, those who knew him had come to expect.

He will be greatly missed, as although he had been absent from our counsels of latter years, owing to his ill health, he had in the past been a great worker for the Fellowship, always ready to serve and take office. He was an ardent Dickensian and constant ambassador for the cause of Dickens and of the Fellowship, and will be particularly remembered for his detailed knowledge of London and especially of Southwark.

To attend a ramble in the Southwark district, conducted by George Young was an experience to be remembered; his obvious love and veneration for the very stones around him and his inimitable " Cockney " humour, conveying to his hearers the very spirit of Sam Weller, who was discovered in the vicinity by Mr. Pickwick.

A frequent contributor to the pages of *The Dickensian* in years gone by, he added much to our knowledge of Dickens in Southwark, as a result of his patient research. His Dickensian articles were well known also in *Over the Bridge*, the Southwark Diocesan Gazette. On the official list of Registered Guides for the Festival of Britain, it was a great delight to him when the Corporation of Southwark decided to celebrate the Festival by clearly tableting the many places of Dickensian and historical interest in the Borough.

He will be no less missed in his work on behalf of Southwark Cathedral and was among the organisers and became the Hon. Secretary of The Friends of Southwark Cathedral. Among his many activities in the district he had been Councillor of the Borough of Southwark, Correspondent for St. Saviour's School, Southwark, and on the Governing Body of the Borough Polytechnic and of the Newcomen Junior Technical School. A much-loved, truly Christian Dickensian and friend who will ever be remembered with pleasure.

The funeral service was held in Southwark Cathedral on Wednesday, December 7th, and was attended by representatives of the Fellowship. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to his two devoted daughters.

Broadstairs Annual Dickens Festival
1961

JUNE, 12th to 17th inclusive

Organised by the Broadstairs Branch of the Dickens Fellowship.

DICKENS PLAY "PICKWICK"

Adapted by Gladys Waterer. From the novel by Charles Dickens.

Walking Tour of Old Broadstairs. Dickensian Garden Party and Costume Parade. Children's Afternoon.

Conducted Coach Tour. Talk "Dickens in Broadstairs," Etc.

Further particulars of the Festival may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Broadstairs Branch, Dickens Fellowship, Dickens House, Broadstairs.

Please send a stamped addressed envelope.

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Amen House - London, E.C.4.

The Dickens Fellowship

LONDON MEETINGS

January—
Tues. 10th. "The Young Look," Dorothea Brooking. Chairman: Charles Lefeaux.

February—
Tues. 7th. BIRTHDAY DINNER, Piccadilly Hotel. Tickets from Dickens House. Chairman: Margaret Lane. Guest of Honour: Sylvere Monod.
Fri. 17th. "The Medical World of Dickens," Michael Harrison. Chairman: J. Ewart McLeish.

March—
Sat. 4th. Visit to Trinity House and St. Olave's, Hart Street. Conducted by Jane Bacon and Gwen Major. Tickets from Dickens House.
Wed. 22nd. "David Copperfield: the Magistrate and the Prisoners," P. A. W. Collins. Chairman: Frank J. Powell, J.P.

April—
Mon. 10th. Annual General Meeting. "Leigh Hunt," by Vernon Fielder. Chairman: Gwen Major. At 6-30 p.m.
Sat. 15th. Ramble: "The Strand," conducted by T. V. Brewer. Meet: Charing Cross Station Yard, 2-15 p.m.
Sun. 23rd. Commemorative Service, St. George's, Southwark. "Little Dorrit's Church." Sermon: Bishop of Colchester.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Founded 6th October, 1902.

LIST OF BRANCHES WITH HON. SECRETARIES.

HEADQUARTERS: THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.
HOL. 2127.

Hon. Secretary: JOHN GREAVES, A.C.I.S. Hon. Treasurer: W. A. MACGREGOR, F.A.C.C.A.
Hon. Editor of *The Dickensian*: LESLIE C. STAPLES.

UNITED KINGDOM

BATH (No. 81), 21-3-21.—W. G. PIERCE, 66 Cameley Green, Tiverton-on-Avon.

BIRMINGHAM (No. 19), 20-11-03.—Miss K. VENABLES, 334 Boldmere Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warks.

BLACKBURN (No. 107), 11-10-28.—LEO. MASON, 124 Preston New Road.

BLACKPOOL (No. 92), 16-2-23.—Mrs BRAMMER, 237 Waterloo Road.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (No. 124), 1902.—C. W. DARLING, 208 Kellaway Avenue.

BROADSTAIRS (No. 130), 22-10-37.—Miss G. WATERER, Dickens House, Broadstairs.

CHELTENHAM (No. 63), 21-10-12.—Mrs. H. HAILING, Bradwell Lodge, Sandford Mill Road.

EASTBOURNE (No. 75), 9-12-19.—C. G. VAUGHAN, 28 Upperton Gardens.

HULL (No. 34), 19-10-05.—Mr. & Mrs. HARR, 67a Golf Links Road.

LIVERPOOL (No. 5), 28-1-03.—Miss J. EDWARDS, 5 Sunny Bank, Bebington, Cheshire.

LYTHAM ST. ANNES (No. 135), 19-9-47.—Miss D. BURTON, Antley, Worsley Road, Andsell.

MANCHESTER (No. 4), 27-1-03.—Miss M. CORNEY 46 Alexandra Road South.

NOTTINGHAM (No. 9), 6-3-03.—Mrs. MARY GILES, The Rectory, Wollaton.

PLYMOUTH (No. 46), 16-11-07.—Miss VERA COCKS, 31 Mt. Gold Road, Lipson.

PORTSMOUTH (No. 137), 11-2-03.—Mrs. L. N. G LYTTON, 104 Lawrence Road, Southsea.

PRESTON (No. 123), 14-6-33.—Mr. W. D. FERRINS, Linden, Peddars Lane, Ashton on Ribble.

REDDITCH (No. 56), 1-9-11.—Mrs. TREADGOLD, 33 Ipsley Street.

ROCHESTER (No. 13), 26-5-03.—Mr. F. H. SEARS, 242 City Way.

SHEFFIELD (No. 23), 22-4-04.—Mrs. J. MOXON, 50 Grove Avenue, Sheffield, 6.

SHREWSBURY (No. 14), 12-10-03.—Mrs. H. M. CROCKITT, 24 Ashley Street.

SOUTHEND AND DISTRICT (No. 54), 11-7-10.—Mrs. MADGE WITHERS, 20 Lime Ave., Leigh-on-Sea.

TEWKESBURY (No. 74), 27-10-19.—L. G. MARSTON, Rosemead, 34 Barton Road.

WOLVERHAMPTON (No. 136), 8-11-47.—Mrs. G. CONWAY, 123 Trysall Road.

HOLLAND

HAARLEM (No 142), 8-12-56.—Mr. NICO ANDRIESSEN, Van Hagendorpstr, 19.

ZWOLLE (No. 144), 29-9:58.—Miss G. KEYZER Thorbeckegracht, 28.

AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE (No. 127), 9-3-36.—Mrs. EVA E. WHITE, 68 Arthur Street, Unley.

BRISBANE (No. 83), 24-6-21.—THOS. SIMPSON, Albany Creek via Aspley, Queensland.

MELBOURNE (No. 24), 1-8-04.—Miss MCMEEKIN, 2 Clendon Road, Armadale, Victoria, S.E.3.

SYDNEY (N.S.W.) (No. 64), 19-12-12.—Mrs. L. BANNISTER, 1 The Strand, Rockdale.

NEW ZEALAND

CHRISTCHURCH (No. 117), 3-10-31.—Miss F MORLAND, Gray's Road, Upper Fendalton.

DUNEDIN (No. 139), 1-9-52.—Miss MAY THOMS 44 Leven Street.

WELLINGTON (No. 121), 5-7-32.—Mrs. D. MACLEOD, 601 Evans Bay Parade, Kilbirnie

CANADA

EDMONTON (Alberta) (No. 100), 1-3-27.—M R. CALLENDER, 12711-118 Avenue.

MONTREAL (Que.) (No. 52), 5-3-09.—Miss WHITE, 3439 Walkley Avenue.

TORONTO (Ont.) (No. 32), 9-5-05.—Mrs. E. SCHATZ, 66 Lankin Blvd.

VANCOUVER (B.C.) (No. 84), 15-9-21.—M H. G. POCOCK, 955 West 10th Avenue.

VICTORIA (B.C.) (No. 113), 3-1-31.—Mrs. D. WHITE, 86 Kingham Place.

WINNIPEG (Manitoba) (No. 25), 3-10-04.—M P. S. H. MURPHY, 59 Monck Avenue, Norwo

INDIA

JABALPUR (No. 146), G. K. GUPTA, Dept. of En Studies, Mahakoshal Mahavidyalaya, Jaaba M.P.

SOUTH AFRICA

JOHANNESBURG (No. 145), 18-2-59.—Mrs. PLATT, 1 Kilkenny Road, Parkview.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BLOOMINGTON (Indiana) (No. 140), 14-10-07 Mrs. R. W. HYNMAN, 318 S. Henderson Stre

BOSTON (Mass.) (No. 73), 7-2-19.—Mrs. MARI C. RIPLEY, 141 Englewood Avenue, Brookli

CALIFORNIA PICKWICK CLUB (No. 13 2-4-38.—Mrs. EUNICE GRIFFITHS, 5418 Seve Avenue, Los Angeles, 43.

CHESTER (Pa.) (No. 22), 4-1-04.—Mrs. Jo O'BRIEN, 740 Irvington Road.

CHICAGO (Ill.) (No. 33), 24-5-05.—Mrs. DAMA W. BRADFORD, 6060 N. Paulina Street.

EVERETT (Wash.) (No. 82), 7-4-21.—Mrs. MILLESON, 4022 High Street.

HONOLULU (Hawaii) (No. 115), 3-1-31.—M HELEN TOPHAM, University of Hawaii.

KOKOMO (Ind.) (No. 143), 5-10-57.—Mrs. E. BROOKING, 317 N. Armstrong Street.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) (No. 89), 9-3-22.—M J. H. STEIN, 8953 S. Ruthellen Avenue.

MADISON (Wis.) (No. 103), 16-11-27.—Mrs. HAMMER, Route 1, Box 7.

MARINETTE (Wis.) (No. 108), 6-4-29.—M JACK WEST, 2125 Riverside Avenue.

MARYVILLE (Missouri) (No. 133), 3-7-43.—M A. F. HARVEY, 722 North Fillmore St., Mar ville, Mo., U.S.A.

NEW YORK CITY (N.Y.) (No. 29), 1-4-05.—M P. VALENTINE, 160 Columbia Heights, Brookl

OAKLAND St., ALBERTS COLLEGE (No. 14 2-10-54.—Rev. JOSEPH FULTON, P.P. St. Albe College, 6172 Chabot Road, Oakland 18, Ca

PALOS VERDES (Cal.) (No. 129), 1-10-36.—M A. H. PRIOR, Box 295.

PHILADELPHIA (Pa.) (No. 41), 7-2-07.—Miss HUNTER, 3507 Highland Avenue, Camden, N

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) (No. 97), 15-6-25.—M E. STEWART, 4409 Helmar Drive, Monroev

SEATTLE (Wash.) (No. 126), 7-2-21.—Mrs. B. NEWMAN, 1222 Summit Apt 403

SIERRA MADRE (Cal.) (No. 60), 7-2-12.—M TRULA SEWALL, 252½ E. Grand View Avenue.

WORCESTER (Mass.) (No. 119), 26-1-32.—M EDGAR R. WALKER, 10 Devens Road.

The dates following the Number of each Branch indicates the date on which it was founded.

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